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*The plays and poems of  
Shakespeare, according to the ...*

William Shakespeare

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19















Northcote del.

Starling sc.

**KING RICHARD 3<sup>rd</sup>**  
*The two Princes, Dighton and Forinet.*  
*Act IV. Scene III.*

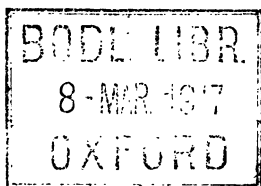
**THE  
PLAYS AND POEMS  
OF  
SHAKESPEARE,**

**ACCORDING TO THE  
IMPROVED TEXT OF EDMUND MALONE,  
INCLUDING THE LATEST REVISIONS,  
WITH  
A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AN INDEX,  
AND  
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,  
FROM DESIGNS BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.**

**EDITED BY  
A. J. VALPY, A.M.,  
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.**

**IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.  
VOL. IX.**

**LONDON:  
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.  
1842.**



---

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,  
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew :  
But chief, the dreadful group of human woes  
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose ;  
Explored the pangs that rend the royal breast,  
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

T. WARTON.

---



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**NINTH VOLUME.**

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**KING RICHARD III.**

**WAR.**

**IX.**







HISTORICAL NOTICE  
OF  
KING RICHARD III.

---

Shakspeare's historical authorities in the composition of this popular drama were the History of Richard the Third by Sir Thomas More, and its continuation in the Chronicles of Holinshed. The date of 1593 is the period assigned by Malone to its production, which however was not entered at Stationers' Hall till 1597.

The reign of Richard III. appears to have been a favorite subject of dramatists and other poets who preceded our author; but no sufficient evidence has been produced that Shakspeare borrowed from any of them. Mr. Boswell indeed supposed that an old play, published in 1594, 'An Enterlude, intituled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is showne the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the smotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke,'—had so great a resemblance to this play, that the author must have seen it before he composed his own. It is, notwithstanding, one of the worst of the ancient dramas, and bears but few traces of general likeness.

The historical events here recorded occupy a space of about fourteen years, but are frequently confused for the purposes of dramatic representation. The se-

cond scene of the first act commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who is said to have been murdered on the 21st of May, 1471, while the imprisonment of Clarence, which is represented previously in the first scene, did not take place till 1477-8.

In speaking of this play, Dr. Johnson remarks ; 'This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances, yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied ; but some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.'

A R G U M E N T.

---

The extinction of the house of Lancaster and the declining health of the king induce Richard, duke of Gloster, to commence his career of ambition with the removal of the duke of Clarence, who is privately assassinated in prison by his orders. Edward shortly after expires, leaving Richard protector of the realm, who immediately withdraws the two young princes from the superintendence of their maternal relatives: these unfortunate noblemen are executed on a pretended discovery of treason; a similar fate awaits Lord Hastings for his fidelity to the legitimate successor of his deceased master; while the innocent children are conveyed to the Tower. By the powerful assistance of the duke of Buckingham, Richard obtains the crown, which is followed by the murder of his nephews in the Tower, and the poisoning of his wife, in order to facilitate an alliance with his niece, which he hopes to accomplish by the aid of her mother. These events are succeeded by the defection and execution of the duke of Buckingham. In the mean time, Henry, earl of Richmond, having assembled a large army, embarks at Bretagne, and lands at Milford Haven: he resolves to proceed towards the capital without delay, and reaches the town of Bosworth in Leicestershire, where he is encountered by the forces of the usurper, who is defeated and slain; while the regal dignity devolves on his fortunate rival, who assumes the title of Henry VII. and puts a period to the long contention between the rival families by an immediate union with Elizabeth, the daughter of Edward IV.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

---

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD, prince of Wales, afterwards King } sons to the  
Edward V. } king.

RICHARD, duke of York,

GEORGE, duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, duke of Gloster, afterwards King } brothers to the  
Richard III. } king.

A young SON of Clarence.

HENRY, earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOURCHIER, archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERAM, archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK. EARL OF SURREY, his son.

EARL RIVERS, brother to King Edward's queen.

MARQUIS OF DORSET, and LORD GREY, her sons.

EARL OF OXFORD. LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY. LORD  
LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. SHERIFF OF WILTSHIRE.

ELIZABETH, queen of King Edward IV.

MARGARET, widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, mother to King Edward IV. Clarence,  
and Gloster.

LADY ANNE, widow of Edward prince of Wales, son to King  
Henry VI.; afterwards married to the duke of Gloster.

A young DAUGHTER of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant,  
Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts,  
Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.

LIFE AND DEATH  
OF  
KING RICHARD III.

---

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*London. A street.*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glos.* Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,  
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,  
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.<sup>1</sup>  
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled  
front;  
And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,<sup>2</sup>  
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—

---

<sup>1</sup> Dances.

<sup>2</sup> Steeds caparisoned in a warlike manner.

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.  
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;  
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,  
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;  
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,<sup>1</sup>  
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,  
And that so lamely and unfashionable,  
That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—  
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
Have no delight to pass away the time,  
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,  
And descant on mine own deformity:  
And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,  
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—  
I am determin'd to prove a villain,  
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,<sup>2</sup>  
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,  
To set my brother Clarence and the king  
In deadly hate the one against the other;  
And, if king Edward be as true and just,  
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,

---

<sup>1</sup> 'i. e. Nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.'—Warburton.

<sup>2</sup> Preparations for mischief.

About a prophecy, which says, that G  
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence  
comes.

*Enter CLARENCE guarded, and BRAKENBURY.*

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,  
That waits upon your grace?

*Cla.* His majesty,  
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed  
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

*Glos.* Upon what cause?

*Cla.* Because my name is—George.

*Glos.* Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;  
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.  
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,  
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.  
But what 's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

*Cla.* Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I protest,  
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,  
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,  
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,  
And says, a wizard told him, that by G  
His issue disinherited should be;  
And, for my name of George begins with G,  
It follows in his thought, that I am he.  
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,  
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

*Glos.* Why, this it is, when men are ruled by  
women.



'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;  
My lady Grey, his wife,—Clarence, 'tis she,  
That tempers him to this extremity.  
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,  
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,  
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,  
From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?  
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe.

*Cla.* By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,  
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds  
That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.  
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant  
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

*Glos.* Humbly complaining to her deity  
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.  
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,  
If we will keep in favor with the king,  
To be her men, and wear her livery.  
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,<sup>1</sup>  
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,  
Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

*Bra.* I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;  
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,  
That no man shall have private conference,  
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

*Glos.* Even so ? an please your worship, Braken-  
bury,  
You may partake of any thing we say :

---

<sup>1</sup> The queen and mistress Shore.

We speak no treason, man.—We say, the king  
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen  
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous :—  
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,  
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing  
tongue ;

And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.  
How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

*Bra.* With this, my lord, myself have naught to  
do.

*Glos.* Naught to do with mistress Shore ? I tell  
thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,  
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

*Bra.* What one, my lord ?

*Glos.* Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray  
me ?

*Bra.* I beseech your grace to pardon me ; and,  
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

*Cla.* We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will  
obey.

*Glos.* We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.  
Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;  
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—  
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,  
I will perform it to enfranchise you.  
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood  
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

*Cla.* I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

*Glos.* Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :  
Meantime, have patience.

*Cla.* I must perforce : farewell.

*[Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.]*

*Glos.* Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er  
return,

Simple, plain Clarence !—I do love thee so,  
That I will shortly send thy soul to Heaven,  
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.  
But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Has.* Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

*Glos.* As much unto my good lord chamberlain !  
Well are you welcome to this open air.  
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

*Has.* With patience, noble lord, as prisoners  
must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,  
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

*Glos.* No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence  
too ;

For they that were your enemies are his,  
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

*Has.* More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,  
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

*Glos.* What news abroad ?

*Has.* No news so bad abroad as this at home ;—  
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,  
And his physicians fear him mightily.

*Glos.* Now, by saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,  
And over-much consumed his royal person :  
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.  
What, is he in his bed ?

*Has.* He is.

*Glos.* Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,  
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.  
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,  
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;  
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,  
Clarence hath not another day to live :  
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,  
And leave the world for me to bustle in !  
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.  
What, though I kill'd her husband and her father ?  
The readiest way to make the wench amends,  
Is—to become her husband and her father :  
The which will I ; not all so much for love,  
As for another secret close intent,  
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.  
But yet I run before my horse to market :  
Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and  
                    reigns ;  
When they are gone, then must I count my gains.  
[*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of King Henry the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, GENTLEMEN bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.*

*Anne.* Set down, set down your honorable load,  
If honor may be shrouded in a hearse,  
Whilst I awhile obsequiously<sup>1</sup> lament  
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.  
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!  
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!  
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,  
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,  
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,  
Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these  
wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,  
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.  
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!  
Cursed the heart, that had the heart to do it!  
Cursed the blood, that let this blood from hence!  
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,  
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,  
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,  
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

---

<sup>1</sup> With becoming reverence for the dead.

If ever he have child, abortive be it,  
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,  
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect  
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;  
And that be heir to his unhappiness!  
If ever he have wife, let her be made  
More miserable by the death of him,<sup>1</sup>  
Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—  
Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,  
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;  
And, still as you are weary of the weight,  
Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.  
*[the Bearers take up the corpse, and advance.]*

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glos.* Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it  
down.

*Anne.* What black magician conjures up this  
fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

*Glos.* Villains, set down the corse, or, by saint  
Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

*1 Gen.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin  
pass.

---

<sup>1</sup> The repetition of this imprecation by Lady Anne in act iv.  
scene 1. plainly shows that this line should be thus read:—

'More miserable by the *life* of him.'

*Glos.* Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command.

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,  
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,  
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

*[the Bearers set down the coffin.]*

*Anne.* What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?  
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,  
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.  
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body;  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

*Glos.* Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

*Anne.* Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and  
trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,  
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!  
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;  
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood  
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:  
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!  
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his  
death!  
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer  
dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick ;  
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,  
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

*Glos.* Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

*Anne.* Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor  
man :

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

*Glos.* But I know none, and therefore am no  
beast.

*Anne.* O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

*Glos.* More wonderful, when angels are so angry !  
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,  
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,  
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

*Anne.* Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,  
For these known evils, but to give me leave,  
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

*Glos.* Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me  
have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

*Anne.* Fouler than heart can think thee, thou  
canst make  
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

*Glos.* By such despair, I should accuse myself.

*Anne.* And, by despairing, shalt thou stand  
excused ;  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

*Glos.* Say, that I slew them not ?

*Anne.* Why, then, they are not dead :



But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

*Glos.* I did not kill your husband.

*Anne.* Why, then he is alive.

*Glos.* Nay, he is dead, and slain by Edward's hand.

*Anne.* In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;  
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,  
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

*Glos.* I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,  
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

*Anne.* Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,  
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.  
Didst thou not kill this king?

*Glos.* I grant ye.

*Anne.* Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God  
grant me too,

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

*Glos.* The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

*Anne.* He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

*Glos.* Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

*Anne.* And thou unfit for any place but hell.

*Glos.* Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

*Anne.* Some dungeon.

*Glos.* Your bed-chamber.

*Anne.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

*Glos.* So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

*Anne.* I hope so.

*Glos.* I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,  
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower method;—  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

*Anne.* Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

*Glos.* Your beauty was the cause of that effect  
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,  
To undertake the death of all the world,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

*Anne.* If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

*Glos.* These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck:

You should not blemish it, if I stood by.  
As all the world is cheered by the sun,  
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

*Anne.* Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

*Glos.* Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

*Anne.* I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

*Glos.* It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

*Anne.* It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.

*Glos.* He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

*Anne.* His better doth not breathe upon the  
earth.

*Glos.* He lives, that loves you better than he  
could.

*Anne.* Name him.

*Glos.* Plantagenet.

*Anne.* Why, that was he.

*Glos.* The self-same name, but one of better  
nature.

*Anne.* Where is he?

*Glos.* Here. [*she spits at him.*] Why  
dost thou spit at me?

*Anne.* Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

*Glos.* Never came poison from so sweet a place.

*Anne.* Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

*Glos.* Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected  
mine.

*Anne.* Would they were basilisks, to strike thee  
dead!

*Glos.* I would they were, that I might die at  
once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt  
tears;

Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops.

These eyes, which never shed remorseful<sup>1</sup> tear,—  
No, when my father York and Edward wept,  
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,  
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him :  
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,  
Told the sad story of my father's death ;  
And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,  
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,  
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time,  
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;  
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind, with  
weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;  
My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;  
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to  
speak. *[she looks scornfully at him.]*  
Teach not thy lip such scorn ; for it was made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo ! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;  
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,  
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[he lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Pitying.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill king Henry ;—

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me :

Nay, now despatch : 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;— [*she again offers at his breast.*

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*she lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

*Anne.* Arise, dissembler : though I wish thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

*Glos.* Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

*Anne.* I have already.

*Glos.* That was in thy rage :

Speak it again ; and, even with the word,

This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love :

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

*Anne.* I would, I knew thy heart.

*Glos.* 'Tis figured in my tongue.

*Anne.* I fear me, both are false.

*Glos.* Then never man was true.

*Anne.* Well, well, put up your sword.

*Glos.* Say then, my peace is made.

*Anne.* That shall you know hereafter.

*Glos.* But shall I live in hope ?

*Anne.* All men, I hope, live so.

*Glos.* Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

*Anne.* To take is not to give.

[*she puts on the ring.*

*Glos.* Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart :  
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine :  
And, if thy poor devoted servant may  
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

*Anne.* What is it ?

*Glos.* That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,  
And presently repair to Crosby-place ;<sup>1</sup>  
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,  
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,  
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—  
I will with all expedient<sup>2</sup> duty see you.  
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this boon.

*Anne.* With all my heart ; and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.  
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

*Glos.* Bid me farewell.

*Anne.* 'Tis more than you deserve :  
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.*]

*Glos.* Sirs, take up the corse.

*Gen.* Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

---

<sup>1</sup> A house in Bishopsgate-street belonging to the duke of Gloster.

<sup>2</sup> Expeditious.

*Glos.* No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming. [*Exeunt the rest with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humor won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! ah!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkesbury?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> A small French coin.

I do mistake my person all this while :  
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,  
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.  
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass ;  
And entertain some score or two of tailors,  
To study fashions to adorn my body :  
Since I am crept in favor with myself,  
I will maintain it with some little cost :  
But, first, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave,  
And then return lamenting to my love.  
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,  
That I may see my shadow as I pass. . [Exit.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

*Ri.* Have patience, madam ; there's no doubt, his majesty  
Will soon recover his accusom'd health.

*Grey.* In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,  
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

*Q. Eli.* If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

*Grey.* No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

*Q. Eli.* The loss of such a lord includes all harms.



*Grey.* The Heavens have bless'd you with a  
goodly son,  
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

*Q. Eli.* Ah, he is young ; and his minority  
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,  
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

*Ri.* Is it concluded, he shall be protector ?

*Q. Eli.* It is determined, not concluded yet :  
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.*

*Grey.* Here come the lords of Buckingham and  
Stanley.

*Buck.* Good time of day unto your royal grace !

*Stan.* God make your majesty joyful as you have  
been !

*Q. Eli.* The countess Richmond, good my lord  
of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say—Amen :  
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,  
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured,  
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Stan.* I do beseech you, either not believe  
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;  
Or, if she be accused on true report,  
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds  
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

*Q. Eli.* Saw you the king to-day, my lord of  
Stanley ?

*Stan.* But now, the duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his majesty.

*Q. Eli.* What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

*Buck.* Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

*Q. Eli.* God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

*Buck.* Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement  
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,  
And between them and my lord chamberlain;  
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

*Q. Eli.* Would all were well!—But that will  
never be:

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.*

*Glos.* They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.  
Who are they, that complain unto the king,  
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?  
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,  
That fill his ears with such dissensious rumors.  
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,  
Smile in men's faces, smoothe, deceive, and cog,  
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,  
I must be held a rancorous enemy.  
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,  
But thus his simple truth must be abused  
By silken, sly, insinuating jacks?

*Grey.* To whom in all this presence speaks your  
grace?

*Glos.* To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injured thee? when done thee  
wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Q. Eli.* Brother of Gloster, you mistake the  
matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provoked by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself,

Against my children, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

*Glos.* I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a jack.

*Q. Eli.* Come, come, we know your meaning,  
brother Gloster:

You envy my advancement, and my friends.

God grant, we never may have need of you!

*Glos.* Meantime, God grants that we have need  
of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

Myself disgraced, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while many fair promotions

Are daily given, to ennoble those,

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.<sup>1</sup>

*Q. Eli.* By Him, that raised me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,  
I never did incense his majesty  
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been  
An earnest advocate to plead for him.  
My lord, you do me shameful injury,  
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Glos.* You may deny that you were not the cause  
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

*Ri.* She may, my lord; for——

*Glos.* She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows  
not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:  
She may help you to many fair preferments;  
And then deny her aiding hand therein,  
And lay those honors on your high desert.  
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may  
she,——

*Ri.* What, marry, may she?

*Glos.* What, marry, may she? marry with a  
king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:  
I wis,<sup>2</sup> your grandam had a worser match.

*Q. Eli.* My lord of Gloster, I have too long  
borne

---

<sup>1</sup> A coin rated at 4s. 8d.

<sup>2</sup> Think.

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs.  
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty  
Of those gross taunts I often have endured.  
I had rather be a country servant-maid,  
Than a great queen, with this condition ;—  
To be so taunted, scorn'd, and baited at.  
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.*

*Q. Mar.* And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee !

Thy honor, state, and seat is due to me.

*Glos.* What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said,  
I will avouch in presence of the king :  
I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.  
'Tis time to speak ; my pains art quite forgot.

*Q. Mar.* Out, devil ! I remember them too well :  
Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,  
And Edward, my poor son, at Tewkesbury.

*Glos.* Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;  
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries ;  
A liberal rewarder of his friends :  
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

*Q. Mar.* Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

*Glos.* In all which time, you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster,—  
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband  
In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans slain?  
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,  
What you have been ere now, and what you are;  
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

*Q. Mar.* A murderous villain, and so still thou  
art.

*Glos.* Poor Clarence did forsake his father  
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself, which Jesu pardon!—

*Q. Mar.* Which God revenge!

*Glos.* To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;  
And, for his meed,<sup>1</sup> poor lord, he is mew'd up.  
I would to God, my heart were flint, like Edward's;  
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine.  
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

*Q. Mar.* Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave  
this world,

Thou cacodæmon!<sup>2</sup> there thy kingdom is.

*Ri.* My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,  
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,  
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;  
So should we you, if you should be our king.

*Glos.* If I should be?—I had rather be a pedler.  
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

*Q. Eli.* As little joy, my lord, as you suppose  
You should enjoy, were you this country's king;

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<sup>1</sup> Reward.

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt devil.

As little joy you may suppose in me,  
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

*Q. Mar.* A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;  
For I am she, and altogether joyless.  
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*advancing.*  
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out  
In sharing that which you have pill'd<sup>1</sup> from me.  
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?  
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;  
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?—  
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

*Glos.* Foul, wrinkled witch, what makest thou in  
my sight?

*Q. Mar.* But repetition of what thou hast marr'd:  
That will I make, before I let thee go.

*Glos.* Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

*Q. Mar.* I was; but I do find more pain in  
banishment,  
Than death can yield me here by my abode.  
A husband and a son thou owest to me,—  
And thou a kingdom,—all of you allegiance.  
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;  
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

*Glos.* The curse my noble father laid on thee,—  
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with  
paper,  
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;  
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pillaged.

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland ;—  
His curses, then, from bitterness of soul  
Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;  
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

*Q. Eli.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

*Has.* O, 'twas the foulest deed, to slay that babe,  
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

*Ri.* Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

*Dor.* No man but prophesied revenge for it.

*Buck.* Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

*Q. Mar.* What ! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,  
And turn you all your hatred now on me ?  
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,  
Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,  
Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?  
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven ?—  
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,  
As ours by murder, to make him a king !  
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,  
For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,  
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence !  
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,  
Cutlive thy glory, like my wretched self !



Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;  
And see another, as I see thee now,  
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !  
Long die thy happy days before thy death ;  
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,  
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !  
Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers-by ;—  
And so wast thou, lord Hastings,—when my son  
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray him,  
That none of you may live your natural age,  
But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

*Glos.* Have done thy charm, thou hateful, with-  
ther'd hag.

*Q. Mar.* And leave out thee ? Stay, dog, for  
thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,  
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,  
O, let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,  
And then hurl down their indignation  
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !  
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !  
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !  
Thou that wast seal'd, in thy nativity,  
The slave of nature and the son of hell !  
Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !  
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !

Thou rag of honor! thou detested—

*Glos.* Margaret.

*Q. Mar.* Richard!

*Glos.* Ha?

*Q. Mar.* I call thee not.

*Glos.* I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,  
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

*Q. Mar.* Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.  
O, let me make the period to my curse.

*Glos.* 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

*Q. Eli.* Thus have you breathed your curse  
against yourself.

*Q. Mar.* Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my  
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?  
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.  
The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me  
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd  
toad.

*Has.* False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse;  
Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

*Q. Mar.* Foul shame upon you! you have all  
moved mine.

*Ri.* Were you well served, you would be taught  
your duty.

*Q. Mar.* To serve me well, you all should do me  
duty,

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to Gloster's form and venom.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.  
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

*Dor.* Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

*Q. Mar.* Peace, master marquis; you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honor is scarce current.<sup>1</sup>

O, that your young nobility could judge,

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

*Glos.* Good counsel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

*Dor.* It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

*Glos.* Ay, and much more: but I was born so high,

Our aiery<sup>2</sup> buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

*Q. Mar.* And turns the sun to shade;—alas!  
alas!

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;

Whose bright outshining beams thy cloudy wrath  
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest.

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

*Buck.* Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

---

<sup>1</sup> He had just been created marquis of Dorset.

<sup>2</sup> Nest.

*Q. Mar.* Urge neither charity nor shame to me :  
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,  
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.  
My charity is outrage, life my shame,  
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

*Buck.* Have done, have done.

*Q. Mar.* O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy  
hand,  
In sign of league and amity with thee.  
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !  
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,  
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

*Buck.* Nor no one here ; for curses never pass  
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

*Q. Mar.* I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,  
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.  
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog ;  
Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and, when he  
bites,

His venom tooth will rankle to the death.  
Have not to do with him ; beware of him :  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him.

*Glos.* What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

*Q. Mar.* What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle  
counsel,  
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?  
O, but remember this another day,  
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow ;  
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,  
And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [*Exit.*

*Has.* My hair doth stand on end to hear her  
curses.

*Ri.* And so doth mine: I muse,<sup>1</sup> why she's at  
liberty.

*Glos.* I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother:  
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent  
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

*Q. Eli.* I never did her any, to my knowlege.

*Glos.* Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.  
I was too hot to do somebody good,  
That is too cold in thinking of it now.  
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;  
He is frank'd up<sup>2</sup> to fatting for his pains:  
God pardon them that are the cause of it!

*Ri.* A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,  
To pray for them that have done scath<sup>3</sup> to us.

*Glos.* So do I ever, being well advised;  
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself. [*aside.*

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—  
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

*Q. Eli.* Catesby, I come. Lords, will you go  
with me?

*Ri.* Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Wonder.

<sup>2</sup> Put in a sty.

<sup>3</sup> Harm.

*Glos.* I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.  
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,  
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.  
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—  
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;  
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;  
And tell them, 'tis the queen and her allies,  
That stir the king against the duke my brother.  
Now they believe it; and withal whet me  
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:  
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,  
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:  
And thus I clothe my naked villany  
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;  
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

*Enter TWO MURDERERS.*

But soft, here come my executioners.  
How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates?  
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 *Mur.* We are, my lord; and come to have the  
warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

*Glos.* Well thought upon; I have it here about  
me.

[*gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.  
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution;  
Withal obdurate; do not hear him plead;  
For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,  
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Mur.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate :

Talkers are no good doers ; be assured,  
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

*Glos.* Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools'  
eyes drop tears.

I like you, lads : about your business straight !  
Go, go ; despatch.

1 *Mur.* We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*The same. A room in the Tower.*

*Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.*

*Bra.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

*Cla.* O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,  
That, as I am a christian faithful man,  
I would not spend another such a night,  
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;  
So full of dismal terror was the time.

*Bra.* What was your dream, my lord ? I pray  
you, tell me.

*Cla.* Methought, that I had broken from the  
Tower,  
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;  
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,  
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk  
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward Eng-  
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,  
During the wars of York and Lancaster,  
That had befallen us. As we paced along  
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling,  
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,  
Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!  
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!  
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!  
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;  
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,  
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.  
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes  
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept  
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,  
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

*Bra.* Had you such leisure, in the time of death,  
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

*Cla.* Methought I had, and often did I strive  
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood  
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;  
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

*Bra.* Awaked you not with this sore agony?

*Cla.* O, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.  
O, then began the tempest to my soul!



I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,  
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,  
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.  
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,  
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;  
Who cried aloud,—‘ What scourge for perjury  
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence? ’  
And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by  
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair  
Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—  
‘ Clarence is come;—false, fleeting, perjured Cla-  
rence,

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:  
Seise on him, Furies; take him to your torments! ’  
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears  
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,  
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,  
Could not believe but that I was in hell;  
Such terrible impression made my dream.

*Bra.* No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you:  
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

*Cla.* O Brakenbury, I have done those things,  
That now give evidence against my soul,  
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites me!  
O God, if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,  
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,  
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:  
O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!  
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me:  
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

*Bra.* I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest !      [*Cla. reposes himself on a chair.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours ;  
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.  
Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honor for an inward toil ;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that, between their titles and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Enter the TWO MURDERERS.*

1 *Mur.* Ho ! who's here ?

*Bra.* What wouldst thou, fellow ? and how camest thou hither ?

1 *Mur.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

*Bra.* What, so brief ?

2 *Mur.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious.

Show him our commission ; talk no more.

[*a paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.*]

*Bra.* I am, in this, commanded to deliver  
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.  
I will not reason what is meant hereby,  
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.  
Here are the keys ;—there sits the duke asleep.  
I'll to the king, and signify to him,  
That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

1 *Mur.* You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom.

Fare you well.

[*Exit Bra.*]

2 *Mur.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Mur.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Mur.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Mur.* Why, then he'll say, we stabbed him sleeping.

2 *Mur.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Mur.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Mur.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Mur.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Mur.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Mur.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Mur.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little. I hope my holy humor will change: it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Mur.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Mur.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Mur.* Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 *Mur.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Mur.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Mur.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Mur.* So, when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Mur.* 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Mur.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Mur.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbor's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavors to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Mur.* Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Mur.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Mur.* I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Mur.* Spoke like a tall<sup>1</sup> fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Mur.* Take him over the costard<sup>2</sup> with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Mur.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

---

<sup>1</sup> Brave.

<sup>2</sup> Head.

1 *Mur.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Mur.* Strike.

1 *Mur.* No, we 'll reason with him.

*Cla.* Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Mur.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

*Cla.* In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Mur.* A man, as you are.

*Cla.* But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Mur.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

*Cla.* Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Mur.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

*Cla.* How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me. Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

*Both Mur.* To, to, to,—

*Cla.* To murder me?

*Both Mur.* Ay, ay.

*Cla.* You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,  
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Mur.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

*Cla.* I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Mur.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

*Cla.* Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me ?  
What lawful quest<sup>1</sup> have given their verdict up  
Unto the frowning judge ? or who pronounced  
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death ?  
Before I be convict by course of law,  
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.  
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,  
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,  
That you depart, and lay no hands on me.  
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Mur.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Mur.* And he, that hath commanded, is our  
king.

*Cla.* Erroneous vassal ! the great King of kings  
Hath in the table of his law commanded,  
That thou shalt do no murder. Wilt thou then  
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's ?  
Take heed ; for he holds vengeance in his hand,  
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Mur.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl  
on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too.  
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight  
In quarrel<sup>2</sup> of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Mur.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,  
Didst break that vow, and, with thy treacherous  
blade,  
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

---

<sup>1</sup> Inquest or jury.

<sup>2</sup> On the part.

2 *Mur.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Mur.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

*Cla.* Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?  
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:  
Why, sirs, he sends you not to murder me for this;

For in this sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly.

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm.

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Mur.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,  
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,  
That princely novice,<sup>1</sup> was struck dead by thee?

*Cla.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Mur.* Thy brothers' love, our duty, and thy fault,  
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

*Cla.* If you do love my brother, hate not me:  
I am his brother, and I love him well.  
If you are hired for meed,<sup>2</sup> go back again,  
And I will send you to my brother Gloster,  
Who shall reward you better for my life,  
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

---

<sup>1</sup> Youth.

<sup>2</sup> Reward.

2 *Mur.* You are deceived; your brother Gloster hates you.

*Cla.* O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.  
Go you to him from me.

*Both Mur.* Ay, so we will.

*Cla.* Tell him, when that our princely father  
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,  
And charged us from his soul to love each other,  
He little thought of this divided friendship.  
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Mur.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

*Cla.* O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Mur.* Right, as snow in harvest. Come, you deceive yourself:

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

*Cla.* It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,  
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,  
That he would labor my delivery.

1 *Mur.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you  
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Mur.* Make peace with God, for you must die,  
my lord.

*Cla.* Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,  
To counsel me to make my peace with God,  
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,  
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me?  
Ah, sirs, consider, he, that set you on  
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.



2 *Mur.* What shall we do?

*Cla.* Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Mur.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

*Cla.* Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,

Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,—

Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks.

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Mur.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Mur.* Take that, and that: if all this will not  
do, *[stabs him.]*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

*[Exit, with the body.]*

2 *Mur.* A bloody deed, and desperately des-  
patch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands

Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

*Re-enter FIRST MURDERER.*

1 *Mur.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou  
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have  
been.

2 *Mur.* I would, he knew that I had saved his  
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;  
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Mur.* So do not I : go, coward, as thou art.  
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,  
Till that the duke give order for his burial :  
And when I have my meed, I will away ;  
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

## ACT II.

## SCENE I.

*London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter KING EDWARD, led in sick ; QUEEN ELIZABETH,  
DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY,  
and others.*

*K. Ed.* Why, so :—now have I done a good day's  
work :

You peers, continue this united league.  
I every day expect an embassy  
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;  
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,  
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.  
Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand :  
Dissemble not your hatred ; swear your love.

*Ri.* By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging  
hate ;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

*Has.* So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

*K. Ed.* Take heed, you dally not before your king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,  
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award  
Either of you to be the other's end.

*Has.* So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

*Ri.* And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

*K. Ed.* Madam, yourself are not exempt in this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you :  
You have been factious one against the other.  
Wife, love lord Hastings ; let him kiss your hand ;  
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

*Q. Eli.* There, Hastings ;—I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

*K. Ed.* Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love lord marquis.

*Dor.* This interchange of love, I here protest,  
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

*Has.* And so swear I. [embraces Dorset.]

*K. Ed.* Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,  
And make me happy in your unity.

*Buck.* Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate  
Upon your grace, [to the Queen.] but with all  
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me  
With hate in those where I expect most love !  
When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,  
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,  
Be he unto me! this do I beg of Heaven,  
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*embracing Rivers, &c.*

*K. Ed.* A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,  
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.  
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,  
To make the blessed period of this peace.

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the noble  
duke.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glos.* Good-morrow to my sovereign king and  
queen;  
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!  
*K. Ed.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the  
day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;  
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,  
Between these swelling, wrong-incensed peers.

*Glos.* A blessed labor, my most sovereign liege.  
Among this princely heap, if any here,  
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,  
Hold me a foe;  
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,  
Have aught committed that is hardly borne  
By any in this presence, I desire  
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.  
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;  
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,  
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;  
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,  
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;  
Of you, lord Rivers ;—and, lord Grey, of you,  
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—  
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night ;  
I thank my God for my humility.

*Q. Eli.* A holyday shall this be kept hereafter.  
I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.  
My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness  
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

*Glos.* Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,  
To be so flouted in this royal presence ?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead ?

*[they all start.]*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

*K. Ed.* Who knows not he is dead ? who knows  
he is ?

*Q. Eli.* All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this !

*Buck.* Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

*Dor.* Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the pre-  
sence,

But his red color hath forsook his cheeks.

*K. Ed.* Is Clarence dead ? the order was reversed.

*Glos.* But he, poor man, by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear :  
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried.  
God grant, that some, less noble and less loyal,  
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,  
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,  
And yet go current from suspicion !

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* A boon, my sovereign, for my service  
done !

*K. Ed.* I pr'ythee, peace ; my soul is full of  
sorrow.

*Stan.* I will not rise, unless your highness hear  
me.

*K. Ed.* Then say at once, what is it thou re-  
questest.

*Stan.* 'The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;  
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,  
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

*K. Ed.* Have I a tongue to doom my brother's  
death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?  
My brother kill'd no man ; his fault was thought ;  
And yet his punishment was bitter death.  
Who sued to me for him ? who, in my wrath,  
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised ?  
Who spoke of brotherhood ? who spoke of love ?  
Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake  
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me ?  
Who told me, in the field at Tewkesbury,  
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?  
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath  
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you  
Had so much grace to put it in my mind:  
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:  
But for my brother not a man would speak,  
Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself  
For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all  
Have been beholden to him in his life;  
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.  
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—  
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O poor  
Clarence!

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset,  
and Grey.]*

*Glos.* This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you  
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen  
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?  
O! they did urge it still unto the king.  
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,

To comfort Edward with our company?

*Buck.* We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter* DUCHESS OF YORK, *with a SON and DAUGHTER of Clarence.*

*Son.* Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

*Duch.* No, boy.

*Daugh.* Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast,

And cry—' O Clarence, my unhappy son? '

*Son.* Why do you look on us, and shake your head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, castaways,  
If that our noble father be alive?

*Duch.* My pretty cousins, you mistake me both:

I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father's death.  
It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

*Son.* Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this.  
God will revenge it, whom I will importune  
With earnest prayers, all to that effect.

*Daugh.* And so will I.

*Duch.* Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:



Incapable<sup>1</sup> and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

*Son.* Grandam, we can; for my good uncle  
Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked to't by the queen,  
Devised impeachments to imprison him :  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek ;  
Bade me rely on him as on my father,  
And he would love me dearly as his child.

*Duch.* Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle  
shapes,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice !  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

*Son.* Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam ?

*Duch.* Ay, boy.

*Son.* I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is  
this ?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH distractedly, RIVERS and  
DORSET following her.*

*Q. Eli.* O ! who shall hinder me to wail and  
weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?  
I'll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

*Duch.* What means this scene of rude impatience ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Ignorant.

*Q. Eli.* To make an act of tragic violence :—  
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.  
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone ?  
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap ?  
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief ;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;  
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him  
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

*Duch.* Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,  
As I had title in thy noble husband !  
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,  
And lived by looking on his images :  
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance  
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death ;  
And I for comfort have but one false glass,  
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.  
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,  
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :  
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my  
arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,  
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I  
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)  
To overgo thy complaints, and drown thy cries !

*Son.* Ah, aunt ! you wept not for our father's  
death.

How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

*Daugh.* Our fatherless distress was left un-  
moan'd ;

Your widow-dolor likewise be unwept !

*Q. Eli.* Give me no help in lamentation :

I am not barren to bring forth laments.  
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,  
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,  
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the  
world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

*Child.* Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

*Duch.* Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

*Q. Eli.* What stay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

*Child.* What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

*Duch.* What stays had I, but they? and they are gone.

*Q. Eli.* Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

*Child.* Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

*Duch.* Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;  
Their woes are parcel'd,<sup>1</sup> mine are general.  
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;  
I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she;  
These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;  
I for an Edward weep, so do not they.  
Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,  
Pour all your tears: I am your sorrow's nurse,  
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

---

<sup>1</sup> Divided.

*Dor.* Comfort, dear mother : God is much displeased,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.  
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,  
With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,  
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;  
Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,  
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

*Ri.* Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,  
Of the young prince your son : send straight for him ;

Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives.  
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,  
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,  
RATCLIFF, and others.

*Glos.* Sister, have comfort : all of us have cause  
To wail the dimming of our shining star ;  
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.  
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;  
I did not see your grace : humbly on my knee  
I crave your blessing.

*Duch.* God bless thee ; and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

*Glos.* Amen ; and make me die a good old man !—  
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out. [*aside.*

*Buck.* You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love :  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancor of your high-swoln hearts,  
But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept.  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd  
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

*Ri.* Why with some little train, my lord of  
Buckingham ?

*Buck.* Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out ;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-  
govern'd :

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

*Glos.* I hope, the king made peace with all of us ;  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

*Ri.* And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by much company might be urged :  
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,  
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

*Has.* And so say I.

*Glos.* Then be it so ; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to  
Ludlow.

Madam, and you my mother, will you go  
To give your censures<sup>1</sup> in this weighty business?

*[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.]*

*Buck.* My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;  
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,  
As index<sup>2</sup> to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

*Glos.* My other self, my counsel's consistory,  
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,  
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A street.*

*Enter TWO CITIZENS, meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbor. Whither away  
so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.  
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the  
better.

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

---

<sup>1</sup> Opinions.

<sup>2</sup> Preparatory.

*Enter another CITIZEN.*

3 *Cit.* Neighbors, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true: God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no: by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;  
That, in his nonage, council under him,  
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends,  
God wot;<sup>1</sup>

For then this land was famously enrich'd  
With politic grave counsel; then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and  
mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father,

---

<sup>1</sup> Knows.

Or by his father there were none at all :  
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster,  
And the queen's sons and brothers haught<sup>1</sup> and  
proud ;

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst : all will  
be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on  
their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :  
You cannot reason<sup>2</sup> almost with a man,  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing danger ; as, by proof, we see  
The water swell before a boisterous storm.  
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I ; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Haughty.

<sup>2</sup> Converse.



## SCENE IV.

*London. A room in the palace.*

*Enter* ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *young* DUKE OF YORK,  
QUEEN ELIZABETH, *and* DUCHESS OF YORK.

*Arch.* Last night, I hear, they lay at North-  
ampton ;

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

*Duch.* I long with all my heart to see the  
prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

*Q. Eli.* But I hear, no : they say, my son of  
York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

*York.* Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

*Duch.* Why, my young cousin ? it is good to  
grow.

*York.* Grandam, one night, as we did sit at  
supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother. 'Ay,' quoth my uncle  
Gloster ;

' Small herbs have grace ; great weeds do grow  
apace : '

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make  
haste.

*Duch.* Good faith, good faith, the saying did not  
hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,  
So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

*Arch.* And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious  
madam.

*Duch.* I hope he is, but yet let mothers doubt.

*York.* Now, by my troth, if I had been remem-  
ber'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

*Duch.* How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me  
hear it.

*York.* Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee  
this?

*York.* Grandam, his nurse.

*Duch.* His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou  
wast born.

*York.* If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told  
me.

*Q. Eli.* A parlous<sup>1</sup> boy.—Go to; you are too  
shrewd.

*Arch.* Good madam, be not angry with the child.

*Q. Eli.* Pitchers have ears.

---

<sup>1</sup> Keen, waggish.

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Arch.* Here comes a messenger : what news ?

*Mes.* Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

*Q. Eli.* How doth the prince ?

*Mes.* Well, madam, and in health.

*Duch.* What is thy news ?

*Mes.* Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

With them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

*Duch.* Who hath committed them ?

*Mes.* The mighty dukes,  
Gloster and Buckingham.

*Q. Eli.* For what offence ?

*Mes.* The sum of all I can, I have disclosed.  
Why, or for what the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

*Q. Eli.* Ah me, I see the ruin of my house !  
The tiger now hath seised the gentle hind ;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jut<sup>1</sup>  
Upon the innocent and awless throne.  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

*Duch.* Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld !  
My husband lost his life to get the crown ;  
And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

---

<sup>1</sup> Encroach.

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss ;  
And being seated, and domestic broils  
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,  
Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,  
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self.—O, preposterous  
And frantic courage, end thy damned spleen ;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more !

*Q. Eli.* Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

*Duch.* Stay ; I will go with you.

*Q. Eli.* You have no cause.

*Arch.* My gracious lady, go,  
[to the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep ; and so betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours !

Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*London. A street.*

*The trumpets sound. Enter PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.*

*Buck.* Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

*Glos.* Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sove-  
reign.

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

*Prince.* No, uncle; but our crosses on the way  
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy.  
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

*Glos.* Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your  
years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,

Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,  
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts.

God keep you from them, and from such false  
friends!

*Prince.* God keep me from false friends! but they  
were none.

*Glos.* My lord, the mayor of London comes to  
greet you.

*Enter LORD MAYOR and his train.*

*Mayor.* God bless your grace with health and  
happy days!

*Prince.* I thank you, good my lord; and thank  
you all. *[Exeunt Mayor, &c.]*

I thought, my mother and my brother York

Would, long ere this, have met us on the way.

Fie, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not

To tell us whether they will come or no.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Buck.* And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

*Prince.* Welcome, my lord. What, will our mother come?

*Has.* On what occasion, God he knows, not I, The queen your mother, and your brother York, Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince Would fain have come with me to meet your grace, But by his mother was perforce withheld.

*Buck.* Fie! what an indirect and peevish course Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace Persuade the queen to send the duke of York Unto his princely brother presently? If she deny, lord Hastings, go with him, And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

*Car.* My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory Can from his mother win the duke of York, Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid We should infringe the holy privilege Of blessed sanctuary! Not for all this land Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

*Buck.* You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord, Too ceremonious, and traditional. Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> 'Compare the act of seising him with the licentious practices of these times.'—Johnson.

You break not sanctuary in seising him.  
The benefit thereof is always granted  
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,  
And those who have the wit to claim the place.  
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it,  
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :  
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,  
You break no privilege nor charter there.  
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;  
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

*Car.* My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for  
once.

Come on, lord Hastings ; will you go with me ?

*Has.* I go, my lord.

*Prince.* Good lords, make all the speedy haste  
you may. [*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,  
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

*Glos.* Where it seems best unto your royal self.  
If I may counsel you, some day or two,  
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower ;  
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit  
For your best health and recreation.

*Prince.* I do not like the Tower, of any place.  
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord ?

*Glos.* He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;  
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

*Prince.* Is it upon record ? or else reported  
Successively from age to age, he built it ?

*Buck.* Upon record, my gracious lord.

*Prince.* But say, my lord, it were not register'd ;







Northcote del.

Starling sc

**KING RICHARD 3<sup>d</sup>**

*The two Princes. Gloster. Buckingham. &c.  
Act III. Scene I.*

Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,  
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,  
Even to the general all-ending day.

*Glos.* So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live  
long. *[aside.]*

*Prince.* What say you, uncle?

*Glos.* I say, without characters, fame lives long.  
Thus, like the formal vice,<sup>1</sup> Iniquity,  
I moralise two meanings in one word. *[aside.]*

*Prince.* That Julius Cæsar was a famous man :  
With what his valor did enrich his wit,  
His wit set down, to make his valor live.  
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;  
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.  
I 'll tell you what,\* my cousin Buckingham.

*Buck.* What, my gracious lord?

*Prince.* An if I live until I be a man,  
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,  
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

*Glos.* Short summers lightly<sup>2</sup> have a forward  
spring. *[aside.]*

*Enter* YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

*Buck.* Now, in good time, here comes the duke  
of York.

*Prince.* Richard of York! how fares our loving  
brother?

---

<sup>1</sup> Sensible vice : in allusion to the buffoon in the old plays,  
who was termed a Vice.

<sup>2</sup> Commonly.

*York.* Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

*Prince.* Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours. Too late<sup>1</sup> he died, that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

*Glos.* How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

*York.* I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord, You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth. The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

*Glos.* He hath, my lord.

*York.* And therefore is he idle?

*Glos.* O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

*York.* Then is he more beholden to you than I.

*Glos.* He may command me as my sovereign, But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

*York.* I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

*Glos.* My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

*Prince.* A beggar, brother?

*York.* Of my kind uncle, that I know will give; And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

*Glos.* A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

*York.* A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it!

*Glos.* Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

*York.* O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;

---

<sup>1</sup> Lately.





In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

*Glos.* It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

*York.* I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

*Glos.* What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

*York.* I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

*Glos.* How?

*York.* Little.

*Prince.* My lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

*York.* You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

*Buck.* With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

*Glos.* My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

*York.* What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

*Prince.* My lord protector needs will have it so.

*York.* I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

*Glos.* Why, what should you fear?

*York.* Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost.

My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

*Prince.* I fear no uncles dead.

*Glos.* Nor none that live, I hope.

*Prince.* An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.  
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,  
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal, and Attendants.*]

*Buck.* Think you, my lord, this little prating  
York

Was not incensed<sup>1</sup> by his subtle mother  
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

*Glos.* No doubt, no doubt! O, 'tis a parlous  
boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:<sup>2</sup>  
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

*Buck.* Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby:  
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend,  
As closely to conceal what we impart.  
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way:—  
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter  
To make William lord Hastings of our mind,  
For the instalment of this noble duke  
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

*Cates.* He for his father's sake so loves the prince,  
That he will not be won to aught against him.

*Buck.* What think'st thou then of Stanley? will  
not he?

---

<sup>1</sup> Incited.

<sup>2</sup> Intelligent.

*Cates.* He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

*Buck.* Well then, no more but this. Go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,  
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;  
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,  
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,  
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :  
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,  
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,  
And give us notice of his inclination :  
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,<sup>1</sup>  
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

*Glos.* Commend me to lord William : tell him,  
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries  
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;  
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,  
Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

*Buck.* Good Catesby, go ; effect this business  
soundly.

*Cates.* My good lords both, with all the heed I  
can.

*Glos.* Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we  
sleep ?

*Cates.* You shall, my lord.

---

<sup>1</sup> A private consultation.



*Glos.* At Crosby-place; there shall you find us both. [*Exit Catesby.*]

*Buck.* Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

*Glos.* Chop off his head, man;—somewhat we will do:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me  
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables  
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

*Buck.* I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

*Glos.* And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards  
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Before Lord Hastings' house.*

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* My lord, my lord,— [*knocking.*]

*Has.* [*within.*] Who knocks?

*Mes.* One from the lord Stanley.

*Has.* [*within.*] What is 't o'clock?

*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Enter HASTINGS.*

*Has.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?

*Mes.* So it should seem by that I have to say.  
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

*Has.* And then,—

*Mes.* And then he sends you word, he dreamt  
To-night the boar had rased off his helm :  
Besides, he says, there are two councils held ;  
And that may be determined at the one,  
Which may make you and him to rue at the other :  
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,—

If presently you will take horse with him,  
And with all speed post with him toward the  
north,

'To shun the danger that his soul divines.

*Has.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;  
Bid him not fear the separated councils :  
His honor and myself are at the one ;  
And, at the other, is my good friend Catesby ;  
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,  
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.  
Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance : <sup>1</sup>  
And for his dreams,—I wonder, he's so fond <sup>2</sup>  
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers,  
To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,  
Were to incense the boar to follow us,  
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.  
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;  
And we will both together to the Tower,

---

<sup>1</sup> Reason.

<sup>2</sup> Weak, silly.

Where, he shall see, the boar<sup>1</sup> will use us kindly.

*Mes.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

*Enter* CATESBY.

*Cates.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

*Has.* Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

*Cates.* It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;  
And, I believe, will never stand upright,  
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

*Has.* How! wear the garland? dost thou mean  
the crown?

*Cates.* Ay, my good lord.

*Has.* I'll have this crown of mine cut from my  
shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

*Cates.* Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you  
forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news;—

That, this same very day, your enemies,  
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

*Has.* Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,  
Because they have been still my adversaries:  
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

---

<sup>1</sup> Gloster, who had a boar for his arms.

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,  
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

*Cates.* God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

*Has.* But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence;—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,  
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,  
I'll send some packing, that yet think not on it.

*Cates.* 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,  
When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

*Has.* O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out  
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do  
With some men else, who think themselves as safe  
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear  
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

*Cates.* The princes both make high account of  
you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*aside.*

*Has.* I know they do, and I have well deserved it.

*Enter* STANLEY.

Come on, come on: where is your boar-spear, man?  
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

*Stan.* My lord, good morrow; good morrow,  
Catesby.

You may jest on; but, by the holy rood,<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> By the holy cross.

I do not like these several councils, I.

*Has.* My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do  
yours;

And never, in my life, I do protest,  
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now.  
Think you, but that I know our state secure,  
I would be so triumphant as I am?

*Stan.* The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from  
London,

Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,  
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;  
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.  
This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt:  
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!  
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is  
spent.

*Has.* Come, come, have with you. Wot you  
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

*Stan.* They, for their truth, might better wear  
their heads,

Than some, that have accused them, wear their hats.  
But come, my lord, let 's away.

*Enter PURSUIVANT.*

*Has.* Go on before; I'll talk with this good  
fellow. [*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

*Pur.* The better, that your lordship please to ask.

*Has.* I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we  
meet :

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,  
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;  
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself)  
This day those enemies are put to death,  
And I in better state than e'er I was.

*Pur.* God hold it, to your honor's good content !

*Has.* Gramercy,<sup>1</sup> fellow : there, drink that for  
me. *[throwing him his purse.]*

*Pur.* I thank your honor. *[Exit Pursuivant.]*

*Enter* PRIEST.

*Priest.* Well met, my lord : I am glad to see your  
honor.

*Has.* I thank thee, good sir John,<sup>2</sup> with all my  
heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise :  
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* What, talking with a priest, lord chamber-  
lain ?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest :  
Your honor hath no shriving work<sup>3</sup> in hand.

*Has.* Good faith ; and when I met this holy man,

---

<sup>1</sup> Contraction for *grand merci*, i. e. I thank you.

<sup>2</sup> It was the custom formerly to give the title of Sir to the  
inferior orders of the clergy.

<sup>3</sup> Confession.

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

*Buck.* I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there.

I shall return before your lordship thence.

*Has.* Nay, like enough; for I stay dinner there.

*Buck.* And supper too, although thou know'st it not. [*aside.*

Come, will you go?

*Has.* I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Pomfret. Before the castle.*

*Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.*

*Rat.* Come, bring forth the prisoners.

*Ri.* Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this;—  
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die,  
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

*Grey.* God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned bloodsuckers.

*Vaughan.* You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

*Rat.* Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.

*Ri.* O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,  
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!  
Within the guilty closure of thy walls  
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,  
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

*Grey.* Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,  
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

*Ri.* Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,  
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—  
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,  
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

*Rat.* Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.<sup>1</sup>

*Ri.* Come, Grey; come, Vaughan: let us here embrace.

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*London. A room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, BISHOP OF ELY,  
CATESBY, LOVEL, and others sitting at a table;  
officers of the council attending.

*Has.* Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

---

<sup>1</sup> Ended.



*Buck.* Are all things ready for that royal time?

*Stan.* They are; and wants but nomination.

*Ely.* To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

*Buck.* Who knows the lord protector's mind  
herein?

Who is most inward<sup>1</sup> with the noble duke?

*Ely.* Your grace, we think, should soonest know  
his mind.

*Buck.* We know each other's faces: for our  
hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

*Has.* I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Ely.* In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

*Glos.* My noble lords and cousins, all, good  
morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

---

<sup>1</sup> Intimate.

*Buck.* Had you not come upon your cue,<sup>1</sup> my lord,

William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—  
I mean your voice,—for crowning of the king.

*Glos.* Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder :

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

*Has.* I thank your grace.

*Glos.* My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,  
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :  
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

*Ely.* Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.  
[*Exit Ely.*]

*Glos.* Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.  
[*takes him aside.*]

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business ;  
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,  
That he will lose his head, ere give consent,  
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,  
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

*Buck.* Withdraw yourself awhile ; I'll go with you.  
[*Exeunt Glos. and Buck.*]

*Stan.* We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;  
For I myself am not so well provided,  
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

---

<sup>1</sup> At the proper time : an expression borrowed from the theatre.

*Re-enter* BISHOP OF ELY.

*Ely.* Where is my lord protector? I have sent for these strawberries.

*Has.* His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning :

There 's some conceit<sup>1</sup> or other likes him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.  
I think, there 's ne'er a man in Christendom  
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he ;  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Stan.* What of his heart perceive you in his face,  
By any likelihood ne show'd to-day ?

*Has.* Marry, that with no man here he is offended;  
For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

*Stan.* I pray God he be not, I say.

*Re-enter* GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

*Glos.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,  
That do conspire my death with devilish plots  
Of damned witchcraft ; and that have prevail'd  
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

*Has.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence  
To doom the offenders. Whosoe'er they be,  
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glos.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.  
Look, how I am bewitch'd ; behold, mine arm

---

<sup>1</sup> Thought.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

**KING RICHARD 3<sup>RD</sup>**

*Quarto B. Buckingham. Hastings. &c.*

*Act III. Scene IV*



Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :  
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,  
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Has.* If they have done this deed, my noble  
lord,——

*Glos.* If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,  
Talk'st thou to me of ifs? Thou art a traitor.  
Off with his head :—now, by Saint Paul I swear,  
I will not dine until I see the same.  
Lovel, and Catesby, look that it be done :—  
The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

*[Exeunt Council, with Glos. and Buck.]*

*Has.* Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for  
me ;

For I, too fond,<sup>1</sup> might have prevented this.  
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase his helm ;  
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.  
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,  
And startled when he look'd upon the Tower,  
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.  
O, now I want the priest that spake to me :  
I now repent I told the pursuivant,  
As too triumphing, how mine enemies  
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,  
And I myself secure in grace and favor.  
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse  
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

---

<sup>1</sup> Weak, foolish.

*Cates.* Despatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift; he longs to see your head.

*Has.* O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!  
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

*Lo.* Come, come, despatch: 'tis bootless to ex-  
claim.

*Has.* O, bloody Richard!—miserable England!  
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,  
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.  
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:  
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The same. The Tower walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour,  
marvellous ill-favored.*

*Glos.* Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change  
thy color?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—  
And then again begin, and stop again,  
As if thou wert distraught,<sup>1</sup> and mad with terror?

---

<sup>1</sup> Distracted.

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian :  
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side ;  
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,  
Intending<sup>1</sup> deep suspicion : ghastly looks  
Are at my service, like enforced smiles ;  
And both are ready in their offices,  
At any time, to grace my stratagems.  
But what, is Catesby gone ?

*Glos.* He is ; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

*Enter LORD MAYOR and CATESBY.*

*Buck.* Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,——

*Glos.* Look to the drawbridge there.

*Buck.* Hark, hark ! a drum.

*Glos.* Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

*Buck.* Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,——

*Glos.* Look back ; defend thee ; here are enemies.

*Buck.* God and our innocence defend and guard us !

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.*

*Glos.* Be patient ; they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel.

*Lo.* Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,  
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

---

<sup>1</sup> Pretending.



*Glos.* So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.  
I took him for the plainest harmless creature,  
That breathed upon the earth a Christian ;  
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded  
The history of all her secret thoughts :  
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,  
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—  
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,—  
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

*Buck.* Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd  
                    traitor  
That ever lived. Look you, my lord mayor,  
Would you imagine, or almost believe,  
(Were 't not, that by great preservation  
We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor  
This day had plotted, in the council-house,  
To murder me and my good lord of Gloster ?

*Mayor.* What ! had he so ?

*Glos.* What ! think you we are Turks or infidels ?  
Or that we would, against the form of law,  
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death ;  
But that the extreme peril of the case,  
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,  
Enforced us to this execution ?

*Mayor.* Now, fair befall you ! he deserved his  
                    death ;  
And your good graces both have well proceeded,  
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.  
I never look'd for better at his hands  
After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

*Buck.* Yet had we not determined he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end ;  
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,  
Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented ;  
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard  
The traitor speak, and timorously confess  
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;  
'That you might well have signified the same  
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may  
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

*Mayor.* But, my good lord, your grace's word  
shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :  
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,  
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens  
With all your just proceedings in this case.

*Glos.* And to that end we wish'd your lordship  
here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

*Buck.* But since you came too late of our intent,  
Yet witness what you hear we did intend :  
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

*Glos.* Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.  
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :  
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,  
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :  
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,  
Only for saying, he would make his son  
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,  
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.  
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,

And bestial appetite in change of lust;  
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,  
wives,

Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,  
Without control, listed to make his prey.  
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :—  
Tell them, when that my mother went with child  
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,  
My princely father, then had wars in France;  
And, by just computation of the time,  
Found that the issue was not his begot;  
Which well appeared in his lineaments,  
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :  
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;  
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

*Buck.* Doubt not, my lord : I'll play the orator,  
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,  
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

*Glos.* If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's  
castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied  
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

*Buck.* I go ; and, towards three or four o'clock,  
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit Buck.*]

*Glos.* Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—  
Go thou [*to Cates.*] to friar Penker :—bid them both  
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order  
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;

And to give notice, that no manner of person  
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VI.

*A street.*

*Enter SCRIVENER.*

*Scri.* Here is the indictment of the good lord  
Hastings ;  
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,  
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's ;  
And mark how well the sequel hangs together :—  
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,  
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me ;  
The precedent <sup>1</sup> was full as long a doing :  
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,  
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.  
Here's a good world the while ! Who is so gross,  
That cannot see this palpable device ?  
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not ?  
Bad is the world ; and all will come to naught,  
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.<sup>2</sup>  
*[Exit.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> Original draft.

<sup>2</sup> In silence.

## SCENE VII.

*The same. Court of Baynard's castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM meeting.*

*Glos.* How now, how now? what say the citizens?

*Buck.* Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,  
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

*Glos.* Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's  
children?

*Buck.* I did; with his contract with lady Lucy,  
And his contract by deputy in France;  
The insatiate greediness of his desires,  
And his enforcement of the city wives;  
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—  
As being got, your father then in France;  
And his resemblance being not like the duke.  
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—  
Being the right idea of your father,  
Both in your form and nobleness of mind:  
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,  
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,  
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;  
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,  
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:  
And, when my oratory grew to an end,  
I bade them, that did love their country's good,  
Cry—' God save Richard, England's royal king!'

*Glos.* And did they so?

*Buck.* No, so God help me, they spake not a  
word;

But, like dumb statuas, or breathing stones,  
Stared on each other, and look'd deadly pale ;  
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,  
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence.

His answer was,—the people were not used  
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.  
Then he was urged to tell my tale again ;—  
' Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;'  
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.  
When he had done, some followers of mine own,  
At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,  
And some ten voices cried, ' God save king Richard !'

And thus I took the vantage of those few.  
' Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends,' quoth I :  
' This general applause, and cheerful shout,  
Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard :'  
And even here brake off, and came away.

*Glos.* What tongueless blocks were they ! Would  
they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

*Buck.* The mayor is here at hand : intend<sup>1</sup> some  
fear ;

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :  
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,  
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Pretend.

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant.  
And be not easily won to our requests;  
Play the maid's part; still answer nay, and take it.

*Glos.* I go; and if you plead as well for them,  
As I can say nay to thee for myself,  
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

*Buck.* Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor  
knocks. *[Exit Gloster.]*

*Enter LORD MAYOR, Aldermen, and Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here:  
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.

*Enter, from the castle, CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request?

*Cates.* He doth entreat your grace, my noble  
lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day:  
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,  
Divinely bent to meditation;  
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,  
To draw him from his holy exercise.

*Buck.* Return, good Catesby, to the gracious  
duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,  
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,  
No less importing than our general good,  
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

*Cates.* I'll signify so much unto him straight.

*[Exit.]*

*Buck.* Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,<sup>1</sup>  
But on his knees at meditation;  
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,  
But meditating with two deep divines;  
Not sleeping, to engross<sup>2</sup> his idle body,  
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.  
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince  
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof;  
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

*Mayor.* Marry, God defend, his grace should say  
us nay!

*Buck.* I fear, he will: here Catesby comes again.

*Re-enter CATESBY.*

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

*Cates.* He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,  
His grace not being warn'd thereof before.  
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

*Buck.* Sorry I am, my noble cousin should  
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him.  
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;  
And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men

---

<sup>1</sup> Couch.

<sup>2</sup> To fatten.



Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence ;  
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery, above, between two  
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

*Mayor.* See, where his grace stands 'tween two  
clergymen !

*Buck.* Two props of virtue for a christian prince,  
To stay him from the fall of vanity :  
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;  
True ornaments to know a holy man.  
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,  
Lend favorable ear to our requests ;  
And pardon us the interruption  
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

*Glos.* My lord, there needs no such apology :  
I rather do beseech you, pardon me,  
Who, earnest in the service of my God,  
Neglect the visitation of my friends.  
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

*Buck.* Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God  
above,  
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

*Glos.* I do suspect, I have done some offence,  
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;  
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

*Buck.* You have, my lord. Would it might  
please your grace,  
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

*Glos.* Else wherefore breathe I in a christian  
land ?

*Buck.* Know, then, it is your fault, that you  
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,  
The sceptred office of your ancestors,  
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,  
The lineal glory of your royal house,  
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;  
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,  
(Which here we waken to our country's good)  
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;  
Her face defaced with scars of infamy ;  
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants ;  
And almost shoulder'd in <sup>1</sup> the swallowing gulf  
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion :  
Which to recure,<sup>2</sup> we heartily solicit  
Your gracious self to take on you the charge  
And kingly government of this your land ;  
Not as protector, steward, substitute,  
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;  
But as successively, from blood to blood,  
Your right of birth, your empery,<sup>3</sup> your own.  
For this, consorted with the citizens,  
Your very worshipful and loving friends,  
And by their vehement instigation,  
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

*Glos.* I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,  
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,  
Best fitteth my degree or your condition :

---

<sup>1</sup> Thrust into.

<sup>2</sup> Recover.

<sup>3</sup> Empire.

If not to answer,—you might haply think,  
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded  
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,  
Which fondly<sup>1</sup> you would here impose on me :  
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,  
So season'd with your faithful love to me,  
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.  
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first ;  
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—  
Definitively thus I answer you.  
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,  
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.  
First, if all obstacles were cut away,  
And that my path were even to the crown,  
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;  
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,  
So mighty and so many my defects,  
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—  
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—  
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,  
And in the vapor of my glory smother'd.  
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me :  
(And much I need to help you, if need were)<sup>2</sup>  
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,  
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,  
Will well become the seat of majesty,  
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.

---

<sup>1</sup> Foolishly.

<sup>2</sup> And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed.

On him I lay what you would lay on me,  
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—  
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

*Buck.* My lord, this argues conscience in your  
grace;

But the respects thereof are nice<sup>1</sup> and trivial,  
All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son;

So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:

For first he was contract to lady Lucy;

Your mother lives a witness to his vow;

And afterwards by substitute betrothed

To Bona, sister to the king of France.

These both put by, a poor petitioner,

A care-crazed mother to a many sons,

A beauty-waning and distressed widow,

Even in the afternoon of her best days,

Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,

Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts

To base declension and loathed bigamy.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got

This Edward, whom our manners call the prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,

Save that, for reverence to some alive,

I give a sparing limit to my tongue.

Then, good my lord, take to your royal self

This proffer'd benefit of dignity;

If not to bless us and the land withal,



---

<sup>1</sup> Minute.

Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

*Mayor.* Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat  
you.

*Buck.* Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

*Cates.* O, make them joyful; grant their lawful  
suit.

*Glos.* Alas! why would you heap those cares on  
me?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

*Buck.* If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,  
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;  
As well we know your tenderness of heart,  
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,<sup>1</sup>  
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,  
And equally, indeed, to all estates;—  
Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,  
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;  
But we will plant some other in your throne,  
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:  
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.  
Come, citizens; we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]

*Cates.* Call them again, sweet prince; accept  
their suit:

---

<sup>1</sup> Pity.

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

*Glos.* Will you enforce me to a world of cares?  
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

*Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.*

Cousin of Buckingham,—and you, sage, grave  
men,—

Since you will buckle fortune on my back,  
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,  
I must have patience to endure the load:  
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,  
Attend the sequel of your imposition,  
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me  
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:  
For God he knows, and you may partly see,  
How far I am from the desire of this.

*Mayor.* God bless your grace! we see it, and  
will say it.

*Glos.* In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

*Buck.* Then I salute you with this royal title;—  
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king.

*All.* Amen.

*Buck.* To-morrow may it please you to be  
crown'd?

*Glos.* Even when you please, since you will have  
it so.

*Buck.* To-morrow then we will attend your  
grace;

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

*Glos.* Come, let us to our holy work again.

[*to the Bishops.*

Farewell, good cousin ; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

#### *Before the Tower.*

*Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET ; on the other, ANNE, duchess of Gloster, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.*

*Duch.* Who meets us here ?—my niece Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster ?

Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.

Daughter, well met.

*Anne.* God give your graces both

A happy and a joyful time of day !

*Q. Eli.* As much to you, good sister ! Whither away ?

*Anne.* No farther than the Tower ; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

*Q. Eli.* Kind sister, thanks : we'll enter all together.

*Enter BRAKENBURY.*

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,  
How doth the prince, and my young son of York ?

*Bra.* Right well, dear madam. By your patience,  
I may not suffer you to visit them :  
The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

*Q. Eli.* The king ? who 's that ?

*Bra.* I mean, the lord protector.

*Q. Eli.* The lord protect him from that kingly  
title !

Hath he set bounds between their love and me ?  
I am their mother ; who shall bar me from them ?

*Duch.* I am their father's mother ; I will see  
them.

*Anne.* Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother :

Then bring me to their sights. I'll bear thy blame,  
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

*Bra.* No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so :  
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour  
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,  
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,  
[*to the Duchess of Gloster.*]



There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

*Q. Eli.* Ah, cut my lace asunder,  
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat;  
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

*Anne.* Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

*Dor.* Be of good cheer. Mother, how fares your grace?

*Q. Eli.* O Dorset, speak not to me; get thee gone:

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels:  
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.  
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,  
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.  
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,  
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;  
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—  
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

*Stan.* Full of wise care is this your counsel,  
madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours:  
You shall have letters from me to my son  
In your behalf, to meet you on the way.  
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

*Duch.* O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—  
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
A cockatrice<sup>1</sup> hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

---

<sup>1</sup> The cockatrice is a serpent supposed to originate from a cock's egg.

*Star.* Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

*Anne.* And I with all unwillingness will go.  
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!  
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;  
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

*Q. Eli.* Go, go, poor soul! I envy not thy glory:  
To feed my humor, wish thyself no harm.

*Anne.* No! why?—When he, that is my husband  
now,  
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;  
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his  
hands,  
Which issued from my other angel husband,  
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;  
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,  
This was my wish;—'Be thou,' quoth I, 'ac-  
cursed,  
For making me, so young, so old a widow!  
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;  
And be thy wife, if any be so mad,  
More miserable by the life of thee,  
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!'  
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,  
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,  
And proved the subject of mine own soul's curse,  
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest:  
For never yet one hour in his bed

Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,  
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.  
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;  
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

*Q. Eli.* Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complaining.

*Anne.* No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

*Dor.* Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

*Anne.* Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of it!

*Duch.* Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[*to Dorset.*

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[*to Anne.*

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[*to Q. Elizabeth.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.<sup>1</sup>

*Q. Eli.* Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,  
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!  
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!  
Rude, ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow  
For tender princes, use my babies well!  
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Sorrow.

## SCENE II.

*A room of state in the palace.*

*Florish of trumpets.* RICHARD, *as king, upon his throne*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, A PAGE, *and others.*

*K. Rich.* Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham!

*Buck.* My gracious sovereign.

*K. Rich.* Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated :

But shall we wear these glories for a day,

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

*Buck.* Still live they, and for ever let them last !

*K. Rich.* Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,<sup>1</sup>

To try if thou be current gold indeed.

Young Edward lives :—think now what I would speak.

*Buck.* Say on, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

*Buck.* Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

*K. Rich.* Ha ! am I king ? 'Tis so : but Edward lives.

---

<sup>1</sup> Touchstone.

*Buck.* True, noble prince.

*K. Rich.* O bitter consequence,  
That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince !  
Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull :—  
Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;  
And I would have it suddenly perform'd.  
What say'st thou now ? speak suddenly ; be brief.

*Buck.* Your grace may do your pleasure.

*K. Rich.* Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness  
freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

*Buck.* Give me some breath, some little pause,  
dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this.

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

*Cates.* The king is angry ; see, he gnaws his lip.

[*aside.*]

*K. Rich.* I will converse with iron-witted fools

[*descends from his throne.*]

And unrespective<sup>1</sup> boys ; none are for me,  
That look into me with considerate eyes :  
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.  
Boy !

*Page.* My lord !

*K. Rich.* Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting  
gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit<sup>2</sup> of death ?

---

<sup>1</sup> Inconsiderate.

<sup>2</sup> Secret act.

*Page.* I know a discontented gentleman,  
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind :  
Gold were as good as twenty orators,  
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

*K. Rich.* What is his name ?

*Page.* His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

*K. Rich.* I partly know the man : go ; call him  
hither, boy. *[Exit Page.]*

The deep-revolving, witty<sup>1</sup> Buckingham  
No more shall be the neighbor to my counsels.  
Hath he so long held out with me untired,  
And stops he now for breath ? Well, be it so.

*Enter* STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley ? what's the news ?

*Stan.* Know, my loving lord,  
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled  
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

*K. Rich.* Come hither, Catesby : rumor it abroad,  
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick ;  
I will take order for her keeping close.  
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,  
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :  
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.  
Look, how thou dream'st !—I say again, give out,  
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die.  
About it ; for it stands me much upon,<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Cunning.

<sup>2</sup> It is of the utmost consequence to my designs.

To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,  
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.  
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!  
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in  
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.  
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

*Re-enter PAGE, with TYRREL.*

Is thy name Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* James Tyrrel, and your most obedient  
subject.

*K. Rich.* Art thou, indeed?

*Tyr.* Prove me, my gracious lord.

*K. Rich.* Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of  
mine?

*Tyr.* Please you; but I had rather kill two  
enemies.

*K. Rich.* Why, then, thou hast it; two deep  
enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,  
Are they that I would have thee deal<sup>1</sup> upon:  
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

*Tyr.* Let me have open means to come to them,  
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

*K. Rich.* Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come  
hither, Tyrrel:

---

<sup>1</sup> Act.

Go, by this token. Rise, and lend thine ear :

[*whispers.*

There is no more but so :—say, it is done,  
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

*Tyr.* I will despatch it straight. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter* BUCKINGHAM.

*Buck.* My lord, I have consider'd in my mind  
The late demand that you did sound me in.

*K. Rich.* Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to  
Richmond.

*Buck.* I hear the news, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, he is your wife's son :—Well,  
look to it.

*Buck.* My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honor and your faith is pawn'd ;  
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,  
Which you have promised I shall possess.

*K. Rich.* Stanley, look to your wife : if she  
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

*Buck.* What says your highness to my just  
request ?

*K. Rich.* I do remember me,—Henry the sixth  
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,  
When Richmond was a little peevish<sup>1</sup> boy.  
A king !—perhaps——

---

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.



*Buck.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

*Buck.* My lord, your promise for the earldom,——

*K. Rich.* Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,  
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,  
And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I started;  
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,  
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

*Buck.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* Ay, what's o'clock?

*Buck.* I am thus bold to put your grace in mind  
Of what you promised me.

*K. Rich.* Well, but what's o'clock?

*Buck.* Upon the stroke of ten.

*K. Rich.* Well, let it strike.

*Buck.* Why let it strike?

*K. Rich.* Because that, like a Jack,<sup>1</sup> thou keep'st  
the stroke  
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

*Buck.* Why, then resolve me whether you will  
or no.

*K. Rich.* Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King Richard and train.*]

*Buck.* And is it thus? repays he my deep service

---

<sup>1</sup> An automaton figure appended to clocks, which strikes the hour.

With such contempt? made I him king for this?  
O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone  
To Brecknock,<sup>1</sup> while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Enter TYBREL.*

*Tyr.* The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre  
That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.  
'O thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.—'  
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another  
Within their alabaster innocent arms.  
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.  
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;  
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my  
mind;  
But, O, the devil!' there the villain stopp'd;  
When Dighton thus told on;—'We smothered  
The most replenished sweet work of Nature,

---

<sup>1</sup> Where his castle was situated.

That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.'  
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,  
They could not speak; and so I left them both,  
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

*Enter* KING RICHARD.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign lord!

*K. Rich.* Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

*Tyr.* If to have done the thing you gave in  
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,  
For it is done.

*K. Rich.* But didst thou see them dead?

*Tyr.* I did, my lord.

*K. Rich.* And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

*Tyr.* The chaplain of the Tower hath buried  
them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

*K. Rich.* Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after  
supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,

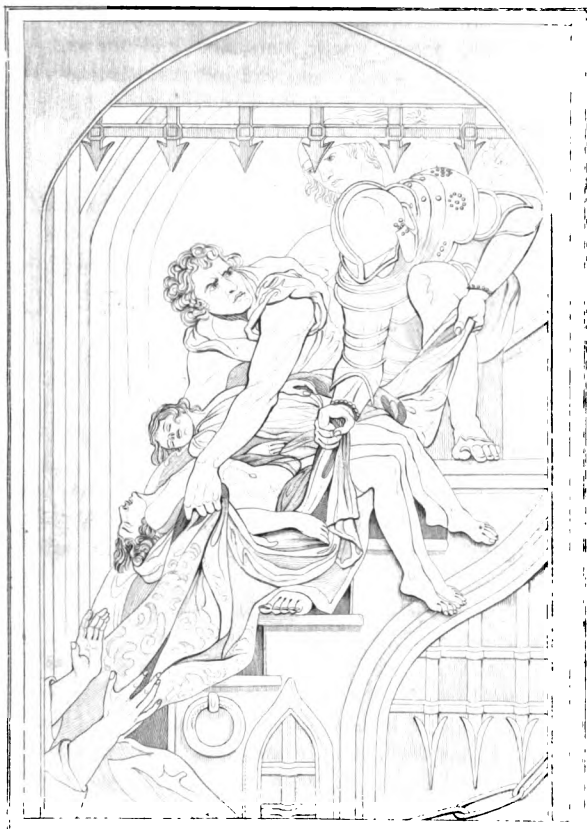
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

*Tyr.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*K. Rich.* The son of Clarence have I penn'd up  
close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;  
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,  
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.



Northcote sculp.

Starling sculp.

**KING RICHARD 3<sup>rd</sup>**

*Burial of the two Princes.*

*Act IV. Scene III.*



Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond<sup>1</sup> aims  
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,  
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,  
To her go I, a jolly, thriving wooer.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* My lord,—

*K. Rich.* Good news or bad, that thou comest in  
so bluntly?

*Cates.* Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to  
Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welsh-  
men,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

*K. Rich.* Ely<sup>2</sup> with Richmond troubles me more  
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay:

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men; my counsel is my shield:

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

*[Exeunt.]*

---

<sup>1</sup> The country in which Richmond had taken refuge.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the bishop of Ely.

## . SCENE IV.

*The same. Before the palace.*

*Enter QUEEN MARGARET.*

*Q. Mar.* So, now prosperity begins to mellow,  
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.  
Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,  
To watch the waning of mine enemies.  
A dire induction<sup>1</sup> am I witness to,  
And will to France; hoping, the consequence  
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.  
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes  
here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and DUCHESS OF YORK.*

*Q. Eli.* Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender  
babes!  
My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!  
If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,  
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,  
Hover about me with your airy wings,  
And hear your mother's lamentation!

*Q. Mar.* Hover about her; say, that right for  
right  
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

*Duch.* So many miseries have crazed my voice,  
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

---

<sup>1</sup> Preface, introduction.

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

*Q. Mar.* Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet;  
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

*Q. Eli.* Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle  
lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?  
When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

*Q. Mar.* When holy Harry died, and my sweet  
son.

*Duch.* Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living  
ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life  
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,  
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,  
[*sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

*Q. Eli.* Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a  
grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!  
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.  
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?  
[*sitting down by her.*]

*Q. Mar.* If ancient sorrow be most reverent,  
Give mine the benefit of seniory,<sup>1</sup>  
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.  
If sorrow can admit society,  
[*sitting down with them.*]

---

<sup>1</sup> Seniority.



'Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.  
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;  
I had a Henry, till a Richard kill'd him :  
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him ;  
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

*Duch.* I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill  
him ;  
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

*Q. Mar.* Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard  
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept  
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death :  
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,  
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood ;  
That foul defacer of God's handy-work ;  
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,  
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,  
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.  
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,  
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur  
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,  
And makes her pew-fellow <sup>1</sup> with others' moan !

*Duch.* O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes :  
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

*Q. Mar.* Bear with me ; I am hungry for re-  
venge,  
And now I cloy me with beholding it.  
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Companion.

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward :  
Young York he is but boot,<sup>1</sup> because both they  
Match not the high perfection of my loss.  
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;  
And the beholders of this tragic play,  
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,  
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.  
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer ;  
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,  
And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,  
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :  
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,  
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.  
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,  
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

*Q. Eli.* O, thou didst prophesy, the time would  
come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse  
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

*Q. Mar.* I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my  
fortune ;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen ;  
The presentation of but what I was,  
The flattering index of a direful pageant,<sup>2</sup>  
One heaved a-high to be hurl'd down below :  
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes ;  
A dream of what thou wast ; a garish<sup>3</sup> flag,

---

<sup>1</sup> Thrown into the bargain.

<sup>2</sup> Indexes were formerly placed at the beginning of books.

<sup>3</sup> Gaudy.

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;  
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ;  
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.  
Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?  
Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?  
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the  
queen ?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?  
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?  
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.  
For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;  
For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;  
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;  
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ;  
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ,  
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;  
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.  
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,  
And left thee but a very prey to time ;  
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,  
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.  
Thou didst usurp my place ; and dost thou not  
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?  
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd  
yoke ;

From which even here I slip my wearied head,  
And leave the burden of it all on thee.  
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance :  
These English woes shall make me smile in France.

*Q. Eli.* O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,  
And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

*Q. Mar.* Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;  
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,  
And he that slew them fouler than he is :  
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;  
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

*Q. Eli.* My words are dull ; O, quicken them  
with thine !

*Q. Mar.* Thy woes will make them sharp, and  
pierce like mine. [*Exit Q. Margaret.*]

*Duch.* Why should calamity be full of words ?

*Q. Eli.* Windy attorneys to their client woes,  
Airy succeeders of intestate joys,  
Poor breathing orators of miseries !  
Let them have scope : though what they do impart  
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

*Duch.* If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with  
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother  
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.  
[*drum within.*]

I hear his drum : be copious in exclams.

*Enter KING RICHARD and his train, marching.*

*K. Rich.* Who intercepts me in my expedition ?

*Duch.* O, she, that might have intercepted thee,  
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,  
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast  
done.

*Q. Eli.* Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded, if that right were right,  
The slaughter of the prince that owed<sup>1</sup> that crown,  
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?  
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

*Duch.* Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother  
Clarence,  
And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

*Q. Eli.* Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,  
Grey?

*Duch.* Where is kind Hastings?

*K. Rich.* A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum,  
drums!

Let not the Heavens hear these tell-tale women  
Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say.

[*florish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,  
Or with the clamorous report of war  
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

*Duch.* Art thou my son?

*K. Rich.* Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

*Duch.* Then patiently hear my impatience.

*K. Rich.* Madam, I have a touch of your condition,<sup>2</sup>

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

*Duch.* O, let me speak.

---

<sup>1</sup> Owned.

<sup>2</sup> Disposition.

*K. Rich.* Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

*Duch.* I will be mild and gentle in my words.

*K. Rich.* And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

*Duch.* Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee, God knows, in torment and in agony.

*K. Rich.* And came I not at last to comfort you ?

*Duch.* No, by the holy rood,<sup>1</sup> thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred.

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company ?

*K. Rich.* Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.

Strike up the drum.

*Duch.* I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

*K. Rich.* You speak too bitterly.

*Duch.* Hear me a word ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Cross.

For I shall never speak to thee again.

*K. Rich.* So.

*Duch.* Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;  
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,  
And never look upon thy face again.  
Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse ;  
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more  
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !  
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;  
And there the little souls of Edward's children  
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
And promise them success and victory.  
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;  
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

*Q. Eli.* Though far more cause, yet much less  
spirit to curse

Abides in me : I say Amen to her. [going.

*K. Rich.* Stay, madam ; I must speak a word  
with you.

*Q. Eli.* I have no more sons of the royal blood  
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,—  
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;  
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

*K. Rich.* You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,  
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

*Q. Eli.* And must she die for this ? O, let her  
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed ;  
Throw over her the veil of infamy.  
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,  
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

*K. Rich.* Wrong not her birth ; she is of royal  
blood.

*Q. Eli.* To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

*K. Rich.* Her life is safest only in her birth.

*Q. Eli.* And only in that safety died her brothers.

*K. Rich.* Lo, at their births good stars were op-  
posite.

*Q. Eli.* No, to their lives bad friends were con-  
trary.

*K. Rich.* All unavoided <sup>1</sup> is the doom of destiny.

*Q. Eli.* True, when avoided grace makes destiny.  
My babes were destined to a fairer death,  
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

*K. Rich.* You speak, as if that I had slain my  
cousins.

*Q. Eli.* Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle  
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.  
Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,  
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.  
No doubt, the murderous knife was dull and blunt,  
Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,  
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.  
But that still <sup>2</sup> use of grief makes wild grief tame,

---

<sup>1</sup> Unavoidable.

<sup>2</sup> Constant.



My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,  
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;  
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,  
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,  
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

*K. Rich.* Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,  
And dangerous success of bloody wars,  
As I intend more good to you and yours,  
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

*Q. Eli.* What good is cover'd with the face of  
heaven,  
To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

*K. Rich.* The advancement of your children, gentle  
lady.

*Q. Eli.* Up to some scaffold, there to lose their  
heads ?

*K. Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of  
fortune ;  
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

*Q. Eli.* Flatter my sorrows with report of it :  
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honor,  
Canst thou demise<sup>1</sup> to any child of mine ?

*K. Rich.* Even all I have ; ay, and myself and  
all,  
Will I withal endow a child of thine ;  
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul  
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,  
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

---

<sup>1</sup> Bequeathe.

*Q. Eli.* Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

*K. Rich.* Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy daughter.

*Q. Eli.* My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

*K. Rich.* What do you think?

*Q. Eli.* That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

*K. Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning. I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter, And do intend to make her queen of England.

*Q. Eli.* Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

*K. Rich.* Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?

*Q. Eli.* What, thou?

*K. Rich.* I, even I: what think you of it, madam?

*Q. Eli.* How canst thou woo her?

*K. Rich.* That I would learn of you, As one being best acquainted with her humor.

*Q. Eli.* And wilt thou learn of me?

*K. Rich.* Madam, with all my heart.

*Q. Eli.* Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave

Edward and York : then, haply,<sup>1</sup> will she weep :  
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret  
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—  
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain  
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body ;  
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.  
If this inducement move her not to love,  
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds :  
Tell her, thou madest away her uncle Clarence,  
Her uncle Rivers ; ay, and, for her sake,  
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

*K. Rich.* You mock me, madam ; this is not the  
way  
To win your daughter.

*Q. Eli.* There is no other way ;  
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,  
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

*K. Rich.* Say, that I did all this for love of her ?

*Q. Eli.* Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but  
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

*K. Rich.* Look, what is done cannot be now  
amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,  
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.  
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,  
To make amends, I 'll give it to your daughter :  
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

---

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps.

To quicken your increase, I will beget  
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.  
A grandam's name is little less in love  
Than is the doting title of a mother ;  
They are as children, but one step below,  
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;  
Of all one pain,—save for a night of groans  
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.  
Your children were vexation to your youth,  
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.  
The loss you have, is but a son being king,  
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.  
I cannot make you what amends I would,  
'Therefore accept such kindness as I can.  
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,  
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,  
This fair alliance quickly shall call home  
To high promotions and great dignity :  
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,  
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;  
Again shall you be mother to a king,  
And all the ruins of distressful times  
Repair'd with double riches of content.  
What ! we have many goodly days to see :  
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,  
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl ;  
Advantaging their loan, with interest  
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.  
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;  
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;  
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame  
Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess  
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :  
And when this arm of mine hath chastised  
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,  
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,  
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;  
To whom I will retail my conquest won,  
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

*Q. Eli.* What were I best to say ? her father's  
brother

Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?  
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?  
Under what title shall I woo for thee,  
That God, the law, my honor, and her love,  
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

*K. Rich.* Infer fair England's peace by this  
alliance.

*Q. Eli.* Which she shall purchase with still lasting  
war.

*K. Rich.* Tell her, the king, that may command,  
entreats.

*Q. Eli.* That at her hands, which the king's King  
forbids.<sup>1</sup>

*K. Rich.* Say, she shall be a high and mighty  
queen.

*Q. Eli.* To wail the title, as her mother doth.

*K. Rich.* Say, I will love her everlastingly.

---

<sup>1</sup> In allusion to the prohibition in the Levitical law.

*Q. Eli.* But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

*K. Rich.* Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

*Q. Eli.* But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

*K. Rich.* As long as Heaven and Nature, lengthens it.

*Q. Eli.* As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

*K. Rich.* Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

*Q. Eli.* But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

*K. Rich.* Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

*Q. Eli.* An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*K. Rich.* Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

*Q. Eli.* Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

*K. Rich.* Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

*Q. Eli.* O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam ; that is past.

*Q. Eli.* Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

*K. Rich.* Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,——

*Q. Eli.* Profaned, dishonor'd, and the third usurp'd.

*K. Rich.* I swear.

*Q. Eli.* By nothing ; for this is no oath.  
Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honor ;  
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;  
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.  
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,  
Swear then by something that thou hast not  
wrong'd.

*K. Rich.* Now by the world,——

*Q. Eli.* 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

*K. Rich.* My father's death,——

*Q. Eli.* Thy life hath that dishonor'd.

*K. Rich.* Then, by myself,——

*Q. Eli.* Thyself is self-misused.

*K. Rich.* Why then, by heaven,——

*Q. Eli.* God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The unity, the king thy brother made,  
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain :  
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,  
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,  
Had graced the tender temples of my child ;  
And both the princes had been breathing here,  
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,  
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.  
What canst thou swear by now ?

*K. Rich.* By the time to come.

*Q. Eli.* That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-  
past ;

For I myself have many tears to wash  
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :

The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast

Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'er-past.

*K. Rich.* As I intend to prosper and repent !

So thrive I in my dangerous attempt

Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !

Heaven and Fortune bar me happy hours !

Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest !

Be opposite all planets of good luck

To my proceeding,—if, with pure heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,

I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !

In her consists my happiness and thine :

Without her, follows to myself and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.

It cannot be avoided, but by this ;

It will not be avoided, but by this.

Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)

Be the attorney of my love to her.

Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :

Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish<sup>1</sup> found in great designs.

---

<sup>1</sup> Foolish.



*Q. Eli.* Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

*Q. Eli.* Shall I forget myself, to be myself ?

*K. Rich.* Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong yourself.

*Q. Eli.* But thou didst kill my children.

*K. Rich.* But in your daughter's womb I bury them ;

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed  
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

*Q. Eli.* Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

*K. Rich.* And be a happy mother by the deed.

*Q. Eli.* I go.—Write to me very shortly,  
And you shall understand from me her mind.

*K. Rich.* Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-  
well. [*kissing her.* *Exit Q. Elizabeth.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !  
How now ? what news ?

*Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.*

*Rat.* Most mighty sovereign, on the western  
coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore  
Throng many doubtful, hollow-hearted friends,  
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back.  
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral ;  
And there they hull, expecting but the aid  
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

*K. Rich.* Some light-foot friend post to the duke  
of Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

*Cates.* Here, my good lord.

*K. Rich.* Catesby, fly to the duke.

*Cates.* I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, come hither : post to Salisbury :  
When thou comest thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,  
[*to Catesby.*

Why stay'st thou here, and goest not to the duke ?

*Cates.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

*K. Rich.* O, true, good Catesby ! Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,  
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

*Cates.* I go. [Exit.

*Rat.* What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

*K. Rich.* Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?

*Rat.* Your highness told me, I should post before.

*Enter STANLEY.*

*K. Rich.* My mind is changed. Stanley, what news with you ?

*Stan.* None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

*K. Rich.* Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !

What need'st thou run so many miles about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?  
Once more, what news?

*Stan.* Richmond is on the seas.

*K. Rich.* There let him sink, and be the seas on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

*Stan.* I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

*K. Rich.* Well, as you guess?

*Stan.* Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

*K. Rich.* Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

*Stan.* Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

*K. Rich.* Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

*Stan.* No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

*K. Rich.* Where is thy power then to beat him back?

Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

*Stan.* No, my good lord; my friends are in the north.

*K. Rich.* Cold friends to me. What do they in  
the north,  
When they should serve their sovereign in the  
west?

*Stan.* They have not been commanded, mighty  
king.

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,  
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,  
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

*K. Rich.* Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join  
with Richmond :

I will not trust you, sir.

*Stan.* Most mighty sovereign,  
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :  
I never was, nor never will be false.

*K. Rich.* Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,  
leave behind  
Your son, George Stanley : look your heart be  
firm,  
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

*Stan.* So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit Stanley.*]

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,  
As I by friends am well advertised,  
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,  
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,  
With many more confederates, are in arms.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

2 *Mes.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms ;

And every hour more competitors<sup>1</sup>

Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

3 *Mes.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham —

*K. Rich.* Out on ye, owls ! nothing but songs of death ? *[he strikes him.*

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mes.* The news I have to tell your majesty,  
Is,—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,  
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd ;  
And he himself wander'd away alone,  
No man knows whither.

*K. Rich.* O, I cry you mercy :  
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.  
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd  
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

3 *Mes.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

*Enter another MESSENGER.*

4 *Mes.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,

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<sup>1</sup> Associates.

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.  
But this good comfort bring I to your highness :—  
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest :  
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat  
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,  
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;  
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham  
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,  
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bre-  
tagne.

*K. Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in  
arms ;  
If not to fight with foreign enemies,  
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

*Enter CATESBY.*

*Cates.* My liege, the duke of Buckingham is  
taken ;  
That is the best news : that the earl of Richmond  
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,  
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

*K. Rich.* Away towards Salisbury ; while we  
reason here,  
A royal battle might be won and lost.  
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought  
To Salisbury ; the rest march on with me.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE V.

*A room in Lord Stanley's house.*

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.*<sup>1</sup>

*Stan.* Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me ;—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,  
My son George Stanley is frank'd<sup>2</sup> up in hold :  
If I revolt, off goes young George's head.  
The fear of that withholds my present aid.  
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

*Urs.* At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

*Stan.* What men of name resort to him ?

*Urs.* Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;  
Sir Gilbert Talbot, sir William Stanley ;  
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,  
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;  
And many other of great fame and worth :  
And towards London do they bend their course,  
If by the way they be not fought withal.

*Stan.* Well, hie thee to thy lord ; commend me to him :

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented  
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.  
These letters will resolve him of my mind.  
Farewell. [*gives papers to Sir Christopher.* *Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> Chaplain to the countess of Richmond.

<sup>2</sup> A frank is a sty in which hogs are fattened.

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the SHERIFF, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.*

*Buck.* Will not king Richard let me speak with him?

*She.* No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

*Buck.* Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,  
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried  
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;  
If that your moody, discontented souls  
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,  
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—  
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

*She.* It is, my lord.

*Buck.* Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,  
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found  
False to his children or his wife's allies:  
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall  
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;  
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul

SHAK.

IX.

K



Is the determined respite of my wrongs.<sup>1</sup>  
That high All-Seer which I dallied with,  
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,  
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.  
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men  
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :  
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck :—  
' When he,' quoth she, ' shall split thy heart with  
sorrow,  
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'  
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame :  
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of  
blame. [Exeunt Buckingham, &c.]

## SCENE II.

*Plain near Tamworth.*

*Enter, with drum and colors, RICHMOND, OXFORD,  
SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and  
others, with forces, marching.*

*Richm.* Fellows in arms, and my most loving  
friends,

Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny ;  
Thus far into the bowels of the land  
Have we march'd on without impediment ;  
And here receive we from our father Stanley  
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. is the time to which the punishment of my injurious practices was respite.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,  
That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,  
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his  
trough

In your embowell'd bosoms ;—this foul swine  
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,  
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn.  
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.  
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,  
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace  
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

*Oxf.* Every man's conscience is a thousand  
swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

*Her.* I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

*Blunt.* He hath no friends, but who are friends  
for fear ;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

*Richm.* All for our vantage : then, in God's name,  
march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;  
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Bosworth field.*

*Enter* KING RICHARD *and forces*, DUKE OF NORFOLK,  
EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

*K. Rich.* Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-  
worth field.

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

*Sur.* My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

*K. Rich.* My lord of Norfolk,—

*Nor.* Here, most gracious liege.

*K. Rich.* Norfolk, we must have knocks;—ha!  
must we not?

*Nor.* We must both give and take, my loving lord.

*K. Rich.* Up with my tent: here will I lie to-  
night;

*[soldiers begin to set up the king's tent.]*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

*Nor.* Six or seven thousand is their utmost  
power.

*K. Rich.* Why, our battalia trebles that account:  
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent. Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground:

Call for some men of sound direction:<sup>1</sup>

Let's want no discipline, make no delay;

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR  
WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords.*

*Some of the soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

*Richm.* The weary sun hath made a golden set,  
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,

---

<sup>1</sup> True judgment.

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.  
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.  
Give me some ink and paper in my tent ;  
I 'll draw the form and model of our battle,  
Limit each leader to his several charge,  
And part in just proportion our small power.  
My lord of Oxford,—you, sir William Brandon,—  
And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me :  
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment :  
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him ;  
And, by the second hour in the morning,  
Desire the earl to see me in my tent.  
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me :  
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd ? do you know ?

*Blunt.* Unless I have mista'en his colors much,  
(Which well I am assured I have not done)  
His regiment lies half a mile at least  
South from the mighty power of the king.

*Richm.* If without peril it be possible,  
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with  
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

*Blunt.* Upon my life, my lord, I 'll undertake it ;  
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

*Richm.* Good night, good captain Blunt. Come  
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.  
In to my tent ; the air is raw and cold.

*[they withdraw into the tent.]*

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.*

*K. Rich.* What is 't o'clock?

*Cates.* It is six o'clock; full supper time.

*K. Rich.* I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was,

And all my armour laid into my tent?

*Cates.* It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

*K. Rich.* Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;  
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

*Nor.* I go, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

*Nor.* I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff,——

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Send out a pursuivant at arms  
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power  
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall  
Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch :<sup>1</sup>——

[*to Catesby.*

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

Look that my staves<sup>2</sup> be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,——

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. a watch-light.

<sup>2</sup> Wood of the lances.

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* Saw'st thou the melancholy lord North-  
umberland?

*Rat.* Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,  
Much about cock-shut<sup>1</sup> time, from troop to troop,  
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

*K. Rich.* So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of  
wine.

I have not that alacrity of spirit,  
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.  
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

*Rat.* It is, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, bid my guard watch; leave me.  
About the mid of night, come to my tent,  
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*King Richard retires into his tent.*  
*Exeunt Rat. and Cates.*

*Richmond's tent opens, and discovers him and his  
officers, &c.*

*Enter STANLEY.*

*Stan.* Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

*Richm.* All comfort that the dark night can  
afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

*Stan.* I, by attorney,<sup>2</sup> bless thee from thy mother,  
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:

---

<sup>1</sup> Twilight.

<sup>2</sup> Deputation.

So much for that. The silent hours steal on,  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.  
In brief, (for so the season bids us be)  
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;  
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement  
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war :  
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)  
With best advantage will deceive the time,  
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :  
But on thy side I may not be too forward,  
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,  
Be executed in his father's sight.  
Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time  
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,  
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,  
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.  
God give us leisure for these rites of love !  
Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

*Richm.* Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.  
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap ;  
Lest leaden slumber peise<sup>1</sup> me down to-morrow,  
When I should mount with wings of victory.  
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

*[Exeunt Lords, &c. with Stanley.]*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,  
Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;  
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,  
That they may crush down with a heavy fall

---

<sup>1</sup> Weigh.

The usurping helmets of our adversaries !  
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,  
That we may praise thee in thy victory !  
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,  
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :  
Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !      [*sleeps.*]

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to Henry the Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
[to K. Richard.

Think, how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth  
At Tewkesbury ; despair therefore, and die !—

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls  
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :  
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

*The Ghost of KING HENRY THE SIXTH rises.*

*Ghost.* When I was mortal, my anointed body  
[to K. Richard.

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.  
Think on the Tower and me; despair, and die:  
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die!—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !  
[to Richmond.]

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,  
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish !

*The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.*

*Ghost.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!  
[to K. Richard.



I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,  
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair, and die !—

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[to *Richmond*.]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :  
Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN rise.*

*Ri.* Let me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow,

[to *K. Richard*.]

Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! Despair, and die !

*Grey.* Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

[to *K. Richard*.]

*Vaughan.* Think upon Vaughan, and, with guilty  
fear,

Let fall thy lance ! Despair, and die !—

[to *K. Richard*.]

*All.* Awake ! and think, our wrongs in Richard's  
bosom

[to *Richmond*.]

Will conquer him : awake, and win the day !

*The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.*

*Ghost.* Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;

[to *K. Richard*.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on lord Hastings ; and despair, and die !—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake !

[to *Richmond*.]

Arm, fight, and conquer for fair England's sake!

*The Ghosts of the TWO YOUNG PRINCES rise.*

*Ghosts.* Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the  
Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,  
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!  
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in  
joy !

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !  
Live, and beget a happy race of kings !  
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

*The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.*

*Ghost.* Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy  
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,  
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.  
To-morrow in the battle think on me,  
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair, and die !—  
Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[*to Richmond.*

Dream of success and happy victory :  
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

*The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.*

*Ghost.* The first was I that help'd thee to the  
crown ; [to K. Richard.  
The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,  
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !  
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death ;  
Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !—  
I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid :

[*to Richmond.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd.  
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;  
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.*

*K. Rich.* Give me another horse ; bind up my  
wounds ;—

Have mercy, Jesu ! Soft ; I did but dream.  
O coward Conscience, how dost thou afflict me !  
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.  
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.  
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :  
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.  
Is there a murderer here ? no ;—yes ; I am :  
Then fly ;—what, from myself ? Great reason : why ?  
Lest I revenge. What ? myself on myself ?  
Alack ! I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good,  
That I myself have done unto myself ?  
O, no : alas, I rather hate myself,  
For hateful deeds committed by myself.  
I am a villain : yet I lie ; I am not.  
Fool, of thyself speak well :—fool, do not flatter.  
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,  
And every tongue brings in a several tale,

And every tale condemns me for a villain.  
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree ;  
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree :  
All several sins, all used in each degree,  
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty ! guilty !  
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ;  
And, if I die, no soul will pity me ;—  
Nay, wherefore should they ? since that I myself  
Find in myself no pity to myself.  
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd  
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat  
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

*Enter RATCLIFF.*

*Rat.* My lord,——

*K. Rich.* Who 's there ?

*Rat.* Ratcliff, my lord : 'tis I. The early village  
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn :  
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

*K. Rich.* O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful  
dream !

What thinkest thou ? will our friends prove all  
true ?

*Rat.* No doubt, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,——

*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

*K. Rich.* By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.  
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me :  
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,  
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

*[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]*

*Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.*

*Lords.* Good morrow, Richmond.

*Richm.* Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,  
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord ?

*Richm.* The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding  
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,  
Have I since your departure had, my lords.  
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried—' On ! Victory ! '

I promise you, my heart is very jocund

In the remembrance of so fair a dream.

How far into the morning is it, lords ?

*Lords.* Upon the stroke of four.

*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give  
direction. *[he advances to the troops.]*

More than I have said, loving countrymen,  
The leisure and enforcement of the time  
Forbids to dwell on : yet remember this ;—  
God and our good cause fight upon our side ;  
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,  
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces :

Richard except, those, whom we fight against,  
Had rather have us win than him they follow :  
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,  
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide ;  
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;  
One that made means to come by what he hath,  
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help  
him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil  
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;  
One that hath ever been God's enemy :  
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,  
God will, in justice, ward <sup>1</sup> you as his soldiers ;  
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,  
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;  
If you do fight against your country's foes,  
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;  
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,  
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ;  
If you do free your children from the sword,  
Your children's children quit <sup>2</sup> it in your age.  
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,  
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.  
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt  
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;  
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt  
The least of you shall share his part thereof.  
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Guard.

<sup>2</sup> Requite.

God and saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

*K. Rich.* What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

*Rat.* That he was never trained up in arms.

*K. Rich.* He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

*Rat.* He smiled, and said, the better for our purpose.

*K. Rich.* He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is. [clock strikes.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day?

*Rat.* Not I, my lord.

*K. Rich.* Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,

He should have braved the east an hour ago:

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff,——

*Rat.* My lord?

*K. Rich.* The sun will not be seen to-day;  
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.  
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.  
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me  
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,  
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

*Enter NORFOLK.*

*Nor.* Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

*K. Rich.* Come, bustle, bustle;—caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley; bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst:

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

*Nor.* A good direction, warlike sovereign!

This found I on my tent this morning.

*[giving a scroll.]*

*K. Rich.* 'Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold;

*[reads.]*

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe:

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.



March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell;  
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—  
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?  
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—  
A sort<sup>1</sup> of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways;  
A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants,  
Whom their o'erclloyed country vomits forth  
To desperate adventures and assured destruction.  
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;  
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,  
They would restrain the one, distain the other.  
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,  
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?  
A milksop; one that never in his life  
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?  
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;  
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,  
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives,  
Who, but for dreaming on this fond<sup>2</sup> exploit,  
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd them-  
selves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us;  
And not these bastard Bretagnes, whom our fathers  
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,  
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.  
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?  
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

*[drum afar off.]*

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<sup>1</sup> Company.

<sup>2</sup> Foolish.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!  
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head;  
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood;  
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves! <sup>1</sup>—

*Enter MESSENGER.*

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

*Mes.* My lord, he doth deny to come.

*K. Rich.* Off with his son George's head.

*Nor.* My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:  
After the battle let George Stanley die.

*K. Rich.* A thousand hearts are great within my  
bosom.

Advance our standards; set upon our foes;  
Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George,  
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!  
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and forces;  
to him CATESBY.*

*Cates.* Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue!  
The king enacts more wonders than a man,  
Daring an opposite to every danger:  
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

---

<sup>1</sup> Fright the skies with the shivers of your lances.

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.*

*K. Rich.* A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*Cates.* Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

*K. Rich.* Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think, there be six Richmonds in the field ;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.

A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

*[Exeunt.]*

*Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD and RICHMOND ; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and forces.*

*Richm.* God and your arms be praised, victorious friends :

The day is ours ; the bloody dog is dead.

*Stan.* Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee !

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

*Richm.* Great God of Heaven, say Amen, to all !—

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

*Stan.* He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ;  
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

*Richm.* What men of name are slain on either side ?

*Stan.* John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,  
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

*Richm.* Inter their bodies as becomes their births.  
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,  
That in submission will return to us :  
And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,  
We will unite the white rose with the red :  
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,  
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !  
What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen ?  
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;  
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,  
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,  
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire ;  
All this divided York and Lancaster,  
Divided, in their dire division.  
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,  
The true succeeders of each royal house,  
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !  
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)  
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,  
With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !  
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
That would reduce <sup>1</sup> these bloody days again,

---

<sup>1</sup> Bring back.

And make poor England weep in streams of blood !  
Let them not live to taste this land's increase,  
That would with treason wound this fair land's  
peace !

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again :  
That she may long live here, God say—Amen !

*[Exeunt.]*

**KING HENRY VIII.**



## HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF

## KING HENRY VIII.

This drama is conjectured by Malone to have been written a short time previous to the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened March 24, 1602-3, as well from the prophetic eulogium on that princess in the last scene, as from the imperfect manner in which the panegyric on her successor is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines. After having been laid aside for several years, it is said to have been revived at the Globe Theatre, June 29th, 1613, under the title of *All is True*, with new decorations, and a prologue and epilogue. During this representation, the theatre accidentally caught fire, occasioned by the discharge of some small pieces, called chambers, on King Henry's arrival at Cardinal Wolsey's gate at Whitehall, one of which being injudiciously managed, set fire to the thatched roof of the building, which was intirely consumed.

Unlike the other English historical plays of Shakspeare, Henry the Eighth had no predecessors on the stage. The page of history alone furnished materials for its composition; and there are few passages throughout the play which cannot be traced to Fox's *Acts and Monuments of Christian Martyrs*, or to Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, as found in the *Chronicles of Holinshed*. The action comprises a period of twelve



years, commencing in 1521, the twelfth year of King Henry's reign, and ending with the baptism of Elizabeth in 1533. It should be observed, however, that Queen Katharine did not die until January 8, 1536.

'This play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'is one of those which still keep possession of the stage by the splendor of its pageantry : yet pomp is not its only merit. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of Katharine have furnished some scenes which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy : but the genius of Shakspeare comes in and goes out with Katharine. Every other part may be easily conceived and easily written.'

A R G U M E N T.

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The duke of Buckingham imprudently involves himself in personal hostilities with Cardinal Wolsey, who finds means of seducing the confidential servants of his rival, and convicting him of high treason. The king shortly after becomes violently enamored of a young lady named Anne Bullen, the power of whose attractions contributes to increase the conscientious scruples which he had previously entertained of the legality of his marriage with Queen Katharine, the widow of his deceased brother. The cardinal, apprehensive of his master's union with one who is suspected to favor the principles of the Reformation, sends private instructions to the papal court, to whose decision Queen Katharine had appealed, that the sentence of divorce may be delayed. This letter, together with an inventory of his enormous wealth, falls by mistake into the hands of the enraged monarch, who immediately deprives Wolsey of all his civil offices ; and the fallen favorite is only saved from a charge of high treason by the timely interposition of death. The new queen is now crowned with great magnificence, while her amiable predecessor dies of a broken heart. In the mean time a conspiracy is formed against Archbishop Cranmer, who is enabled to triumph over the malice of his powerful enemies by the favor of the king. The play concludes with the baptism of the infant Elizabeth, the glories of whose future reign, and those of her successor, are prophetically foretold by Cranmer, who is appointed by Henry as sponsor to the princess.

# PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.**

**CARDINAL WOLSEY. CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.**

**CAPUCIUS, ambassador from the emperor, Charles V.**

**CRANMER, archbishop of Canterbury.**

**DUKE OF NORFOLK. DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.**

**DUKE OF SUFFOLK. EARL OF SURREY.**

**LORD CHAMBERLAIN. LORD CHANCELLOR.**

**GARDINER, bishop of Winchester.**

**BISHOP OF LINCOLN. LORD ABERGAVENNY. LORD SANDS.**

**SIR HENRY GUILDFORD. SIR THOMAS LOVELL.**

**SIR ANTHONY DENNY. SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.**

**SECRETARIES to Wolsey.**

**CROMWELL, servant to Wolsey.**

**GRIFFITH, gentleman usher to Queen Katharine.**

**THREE OTHER GENTLEMEN.**

**DOCTOR BUTTS, physician to the king.**

**GARTER king at arms.**

**SURVEYOR to the duke of Buckingham.**

**BRANDON, and a SERGEANT at arms.**

**DOORKEEPER of the council chamber. PORTER, and his MAN.**

**PAGE to Gardiner. A CRIER.**

**QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry ; afterwards divorced.**

**ANNE BULLEN, her maid of honor ; afterwards queen.**

**AN OLD LADY, friend to Anne Bullen.**

**PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.**

**Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb shows ; Women attending upon the queen ; Spirits, which appear to her ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.**

**SCENE, chiefly in London and Westminster ; once, at Kimbolton.**

## PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh ; things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,  
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those, that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it : such, as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too : those, that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree,  
The play may pass ; if they be still, and willing,  
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours : only they,  
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,  
A noise of targets ; or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat, guarded<sup>1</sup> with yellow,  
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting  
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,  
(To make that only true we now intend<sup>2</sup>)  
Will leave us never an understanding friend.

---

<sup>1</sup> Laced.

<sup>2</sup> Pretend

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known  
The first and happiest hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : think, ye see  
The very persons of our noble story,  
As they were living ; think, you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And, if you can be merry then, I 'll say,  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

# KING HENRY VIII.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*London. An antechamber in the palace,*

*Enter* DUKE OF NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other,*  
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and* LORD ABERGAVENNY.

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have  
you done,  
Since last we saw in France?

*Nor.* I thank your grace,  
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,<sup>1</sup>  
Met in the vale of Arde.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;  
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung

---

<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII. and Francis I. king of France.

In their embracement, as they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four throned ones could have  
weigh'd

Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.*

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.*

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory. Men might say,  
Till this time, pomp was single ; but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the next day's master, till the last  
Made former wonders its : to-day, the French,  
All clinquant,<sup>1</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,  
Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain India ; every man, that stood,  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that their very labor  
Was to them as a painting : now this mask  
Was cried incomparable ; and the ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them ; him in eye  
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,  
'Twas said, they saw but one ; and no discernor  
Durst wag his tongue in censure.<sup>2</sup> When these  
suns,

---

<sup>1</sup> Glittering, shining.

<sup>2</sup> In judging which monarch had the noblest appearance.

(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous  
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis<sup>1</sup> was believed.

*Buck.* O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honor honesty, the tract<sup>2</sup> of every thing  
Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:  
To the disposing of it naught rebell'd;  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, certes,<sup>3</sup> that promises no element<sup>4</sup>  
In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The devil speed him! no man's pie is  
freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce<sup>5</sup> vanities? I wonder,  
That such a keech<sup>6</sup> can with his very bulk

---

<sup>1</sup> An old romantic legend.

<sup>2</sup> Course.

<sup>3</sup> Certainly.

<sup>4</sup> Previous practice.

<sup>5</sup> Proud.

<sup>6</sup> Lump of fat.



Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,  
And keep it from the earth.

*Nor.*

Surely, sir,

There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends :  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace  
Chalks successors their way) nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to the crown ; neither allied  
'To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,  
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys  
A place next to the king.

*Aber.*

I cannot tell

What Heaven hath given him ; let some graver eye  
Pierce into that : but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him. Whence has he  
that ?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard ;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.*

Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privy o' the king, to appoint  
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file <sup>1</sup>  
Of all the gentry ; for the most part such  
Too, whom as great a charge as little honor  
He meant to lay upon : and his own letter,  
The honorable board of council out,

---

<sup>1</sup> I.ist.

Must fetch him in he papers.<sup>1</sup>

*Aber.* I do know  
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.* O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them  
For this great journey. What did this vanity,  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?<sup>2</sup>

*Nor.* Grievingly I think,  
The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.* Every man,  
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,  
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on 't.

*Nor.* Which is budded out;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
The ambassador is silenced?

*Nor.* Marry, is 't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace; and purchased  
At a superfluous rate!

---

<sup>1</sup> His own letter, without the concurrence of the council,  
must fetch him in whom he recommends.

<sup>2</sup> The production of a wretched conclusion.

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend cardinal carried.<sup>1</sup>

*Nor.* 'Like it your grace,  
The state takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,  
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honor and plenteous safety) that you read  
The cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together; to consider farther, that  
What his high hatred would effect, wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword  
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,  
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,  
'Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;  
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that  
rock,  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter* CARDINAL WOLSEY, (*the purse borne before him*) *certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!  
Where's his examination?

*1 Sec.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

---

<sup>1</sup> Conducted.

1 *Sec.*

Ah, please your grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Wolsey and train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur<sup>1</sup> is venom-mouth'd,  
and I

Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.

*Nor.* What, are you chafed?  
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only,  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in 's looks  
Matter against me; and his eye reviled  
Me as his abject object: at this instant  
He bores<sup>2</sup> me with some trick; he's gone to the  
king:

I 'll follow, and outstare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,  
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who, being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you: be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I 'll to the king;

---

<sup>1</sup> Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

<sup>2</sup> Stabs.

And from a mouth of honor quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advised :  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire, that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised.  
I say again, there is no English soul  
More stronger to direct you than yourself;  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay the fire of passion.

*Buck.* Sir,  
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along  
By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow,  
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions<sup>1</sup>) by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.* Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To the king I'll say't; and make my  
vouch as strong  
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief

---

<sup>1</sup> Warmth of integrity.

As able to perform 't; his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally)  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests<sup>1</sup> the king our master  
To this last costly treaty, the interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and, like a glass,  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.* Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favor, sir. This cunning  
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,  
As himself pleased; and they were ratified,  
As he cried, Thus let be; to as much end,  
As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-  
cardinal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows;—  
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,  
Under pretence to see the queen his aunt,  
(For 'twas, indeed, his color; but he came  
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France, might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menaced him. He privily  
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—  
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor

---

<sup>1</sup> Excites.

Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd ;—but when the way was made,  
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired ;—  
That he would please to alter the king's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,  
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.* I am sorry  
To hear this of him, and could wish he were  
Something mistaken in 't.

*Buck.* No, not a syllable :  
I do pronounce him in that very shape,  
He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON ; a SERGEANT at arms before him,  
and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant : execute it.

*Ser.* Sir,  
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign king.

*Buck.* Lo, you, my lord,  
The net has fallen upon me : I shall perish  
Under device and practice.<sup>1</sup>

*Bran.* I am sorry  
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on

---

<sup>1</sup> Unfair stratagems.

The business present : 'tis his highness' pleasure,  
You shall to the Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence ; for that die is on me,  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of  
Heaven

Be done in this and all things !—I obey.—  
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company.—The  
king [to *Abergavenny*.  
Is pleased, you shall to the Tower, till you know  
How he determines farther.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of Heaven be done, and the king's pleasure  
By me obey'd.

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The king, to attach lord Montacute ; and the bodies  
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,  
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,——

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs of the plot. No more, I hope.

*Bran.* A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins ?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My surveyor is false : the o'er-great car-  
dinal

Hath show'd him gold : my life is spann'd already :  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham ;  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,  
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*



## SCENE II.

*The council-chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

*K. Hen.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*The King takes his state :<sup>1</sup> the Lords of the Council take their several places : the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.*

*A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen.' Enter the QUEEN, ushered by the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK ; she kneels : the King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

*Q. Kath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a  
suitor.

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. chair of state, throne.

*K. Hen.* Arise, and take place by us. Half your  
suit

Never name to us; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given.  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Q. Kath.* Thank your majesty.  
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,  
Not unconsider'd leave your honor nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*K. Hen.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Q. Kath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition, that your subjects  
Are in great grievance: there have been commis-  
sions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the  
heart

Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,  
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on  
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,  
(Whose honor Heaven shield from soil!) even he  
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears;  
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,  
And Danger serves among them.

*K. Hen.* Taxation !

Wherein ? and what taxation ?—My lord cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation ?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,  
I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to the state ; and front but in that file  
Where others tell steps with me.<sup>1</sup>

*Q. Kath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others ; but you frame  
Things, that are known alike ; which are not whole-  
some  
To those which would not know them, and yet  
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and, to bear them,  
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say  
They are devised by you, or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*K. Hen.* Still exaction !  
The nature of it ? In what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction ?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. 'I am merely on a level with other counsellors, and step in the same line with them.'—M. Mason.

*Q. Kath.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subject's grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from  
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold  
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them: their curses now  
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to  
pass,

That tractable obedience is a slave  
To each incensed will. I would, your highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*K. Hen.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no farther gone in this, than by  
A single voice; and that not pass'd me, but  
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing;—let me say,  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not<sup>1</sup> stint<sup>1</sup>

---

<sup>1</sup> Retard.

Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
'That is new trimm'd; but benefit no farther  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters, once <sup>1</sup> weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd; <sup>2</sup> what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best act. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit  
State statues only.

*K. Hen.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,  
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county,  
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.* A word with you.

[to the Secretary.]

---

<sup>1</sup> Sometime.

<sup>2</sup> Not approved.

Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd com-  
mons

Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised,  
That, through our intercession, this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Farther in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

*Enter SURVEYOR.*

*Q. Kath.* I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham  
Is run in your displeasure.

*K. Hen.* It grieves many :  
The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,  
To nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed,<sup>1</sup> the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ;—he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
'That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us : you shall hear  
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him  
Things to strike honor sad. Bid him recount

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. not joined with good dispositions.

The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth ; and with bold spirit relate  
what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

*K. Hen.* Speak freely.

*Sur.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech ; that if the king  
Should without issue die, he 'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his. These very words  
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Abergarny, to whom by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the cardinal.

*Wol.* Please your highness, note  
This dangerous conception in this point.<sup>1</sup>  
Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you to your friends.

*Q. Kath.* My learn'd lord cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*K. Hen.* Speak on :  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail ? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught ?

*Sur.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*K. Hen.* What was that Hopkins ?

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. note this particular part of this dangerous design.

*Sur.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor, who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*K. Hen.* How know'st thou this?

*Sur.* Not long before your highness sped to  
France,

The duke being at the Rose,<sup>1</sup> within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech amongst the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey: I replied,  
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,  
To the king's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,  
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit  
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour  
To hear from him a matter of some moment:  
Whom after under the confession's seal  
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,  
My chaplain to no creature living, but  
To me, should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued:—Neither the king nor his  
heirs

(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive  
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke  
Shall govern England.'

*Q. Kath.* If I know you well,

---

<sup>1</sup> Now Merchant Tailors' school.



You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants. Take good heed,  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*K. Hen.*

Let him on:—

Go forward.

*Sur.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions  
'This monk might be deceived, and that 'twas  
dangerous for him  
To ruminate on this so far, until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
t was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush!  
It can do me no damage:' adding farther,  
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,  
The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*K. Hen.*

Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!  
There's mischief in this man. Canst thou say  
farther?

*Sur.* I can, my liege.

*K. Hen.*

Proceed.

*Sur.*

Being at Greenwich,  
After your highness had reproved the duke  
About sir William Blomer;—

*K. Hen.*

I remember  
Of such a time: being my servant sworn,  
The duke retain'd him his.—But on; what hence?

*Sur.* 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been com-  
mitted,

As, to the Tower, I thought ;—I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
The usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in his presence ; which, if  
granted,

As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.'

*K. Hen.* A giant traitor !

*Wol.* Now, madam, may his highness live in  
freedom,

And this man out of prison ?

*Q. Kath.* God mend all !

*K. Hen.* There's something more would out of  
thee. What say'st ?

*Sur.* After—'the duke his father,'—with 'the  
knife,'—

He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenor  
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father, by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*K. Hen.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,  
He's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A room in the palace.*

*Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN *and* LORD SANDS.

*Cham.* Is it possible, the spells of France should  
juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage; is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face;<sup>1</sup> but they are shrewd  
ones;

For when they hold them, you would swear directly,  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They have all new legs, and lame ones:  
one would take it,  
That never saw them pace before, the spavin,  
A springhalt<sup>2</sup> reign'd among them.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they have worn out christendom! How  
now?

What news, sir Thomas Lovell?

---

<sup>1</sup> Grimace.

<sup>2</sup> Diseases incident to horses.

*Enter* SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is 't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I am glad 'tis there: now I would pray  
our monsieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either  
(For so run the conditions) leave these remnants  
Of fool and feather, that they got in France,  
With all their honorable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights, and fireworks,  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom) renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men;  
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*,<sup>1</sup> wear away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give them physic, their  
diseases  
Are grown so catching.

---

<sup>1</sup> With authority.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities!

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords; the sly whoresons  
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies:  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're  
going:  
(For, sure, there's no converting of them) now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,  
And have an hour of hearing; and, by'r lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, lord Sands;  
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,  
Whither were you a going?

*Lov.* To the cardinal's;  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true:  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman bears a bounteous mind  
indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;  
His dews fall every where.

*Cham.* No doubt, he's noble;  
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord; he has wherewithal;  
in him,

Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine;  
Men of his way should be most liberal;  
They are set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;  
Your lordship shall along. Come, good sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*The presence-chamber in York-place.*

*Hautboys.* A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Enter, at one door, ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his grace  
Salutes ye all. This night he dedicates  
To fair content, and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy,<sup>1</sup> has brought with her  
One care abroad: he would have all as merry  
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome

---

Company.

Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy :

*Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You are young, sir Harry Guildford.

*Sands.* Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal  
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these  
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,  
I think, would better please them. By my life,  
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

*Lov.* O, that your lordship were but now confessor  
To one or two of these !

*Sands.* I would, I were ;  
They should find easy penance.

*Lov.* Faith, how easy ?

*Sands.* As easy as a down bed would afford it.

*Cham.* Sweet ladies, will it please you sit ? Sir  
Harry,

Place you that side ; I'll take the charge of this.  
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze ;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather.  
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking :  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet  
ladies :

*[seats himself between Anne Bullen and another  
Lady.]*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :  
But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.  
So, now you are fairly seated. Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY attended, and  
takes his state.

*Wol.* You are welcome, my fair guests : that  
noble lady  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all good health. [*drinks.*

*Sands.* Your grace is noble.  
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My lord Sands,  
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbors.  
Ladies, you are not merry ;—gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have  
them



Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You are a merry gamester,  
My lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I make my play.<sup>1</sup>  
Here's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam;  
For 'tis to such a thing,——

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your grace, they would talk anon.

*[drum and trumpets within; chambers<sup>2</sup> discharged.]*

*Wol.* What's that?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of you.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Wol.* What warlike voice?  
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;  
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

*Re-enter SERVANT.*

*Cham.* How now? what is't?

*Ser.* A noble troop of strangers;  
For so they seem: they have left their barge, and  
landed;

And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good lord chamberlain,  
Go, give them welcome; you can speak the French  
tongue:  
And, pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them

---

<sup>1</sup> If I choose my game.

<sup>2</sup> Small cannon.

Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

*[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and  
tables removed.]*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.  
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,  
I shower a welcome on you: welcome all.

*Hautboys. Enter the KING, and twelve others, as  
maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen Torch-  
bearers, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They  
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully  
salute him.*

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they  
pray'd

To tell your grace;—that, having heard by fame  
Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,  
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
An hour of revels with them.

*Wol.* Say, lord chamberlain,  
They have done my poor house grace; for which I  
pay them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their plea-  
sures.

*[Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses  
Anne Bullen.]*



*K. Hen.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O  
beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee! [*music. Dance.*]

*Wol.* My lord,——

*Cham.* Your grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell them thus much from me :  
There should be one among them, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

*[Chamberlain goes to the company, and returns.]*

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is, indeed; which they would have your  
grace

**Find out, and he will take it.**

*Wol.* Let me see then.—

*[comes from his state.*

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make  
My royal choice.

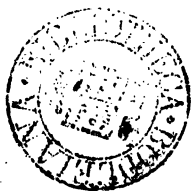
*K. Hen.* You have found him, cardinal :

[unmasking.

You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.<sup>1</sup>

*Wol.* I am glad,  
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

<sup>1</sup> Mischievously.





Stothard del.

Starling sc.

**KING HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>**  
*Edw. Aron Hudson, Eng., &c.*

*K. Hen.* My lord chamberlain,  
Pr'ythee, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

*Cham.* An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bul-  
len's daughter,  
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

*K. Hen.* By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweet-  
heart,  
I were unmannerly, to take you out,  
And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen ;  
Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready  
I' the privy chamber ?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your grace,  
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*K. Hen.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,  
In the next chamber.

*K. Hen.* Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet  
partner,

I must not yet forsake you :—let's be merry.  
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths  
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure<sup>1</sup>  
To lead them, once again ; and then let's dream  
Who's best in favor. Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

---

A stately kind of dance.

## A C T I I.

## SCENE I.

*A street.*

*Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, meeting.*

1 *Gen.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gen.* O,—God save you!  
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gen.* I'll save you  
That labor, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gen.* Were you there?

1 *Gen.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gen.* Pray, speak; what has happen'd?

1 *Gen.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gen.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gen.* Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gen.* I am sorry for't.

1 *Gen.* So are a number more.

2 *Gen.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gen.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar, where, to his accusations,  
He pleaded still, Not Guilty, and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The king's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired

To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;  
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor ; and John Court,  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,  
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 Gen. The same.  
All these accused him strongly; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could  
not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.<sup>1</sup>

**2 Gen.** After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar,—  
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,  
In all the rest, show'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not ;  
He never was so womanish : the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

**2 Gen.**                      **Certainly,**

<sup>1</sup> Either produced no effect, or only ineffectual pity.



The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainder,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state  
Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,  
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally ; whoever the king favors,  
The cardinal instantly will find employment,  
And far enough from court too.

2 Gen. All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him, bounteous Buck-  
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy ;——

1 Gen. Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves  
before him, the axe with the edge towards him ;  
halberds on each side : with him, SIR THOMAS  
LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS,  
and common people.*

2 Gen. Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,

Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,  
And by that name must die; yet, Heaven bear  
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!  
The law I bear no malice for my death,  
It has done, upon the premises, but justice;  
But those that sought it I could wish more  
Christians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:  
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them:  
For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved  
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham;—  
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying;—  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's  
name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,  
As I would be forgiven; I forgive all:

There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : no black envy  
Shall make <sup>1</sup> my grave. Commend me to his grace;  
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,  
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers  
Yet are the king's ; and, till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !  
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To the water-side I must conduct your  
grace ;

Then give my charge up to sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there ;  
The duke is coming : see, the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture, as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,  
And duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward  
Bohun :

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make them one day groan  
for 't.

---

<sup>1</sup> Close.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell : God's peace be with him !  
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,  
Restored me to my honors, and, out of ruins,  
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
Henry the eighth, life, honor, name, and all  
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
And, must needs say, a noble one ; which makes me  
A little happier than my wretched father.  
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes ;—both  
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;  
A most unnatural and faithless service !  
Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
This from a dying man receive as certain :—  
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,  
Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make  
friends,  
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away  
Like water from ye, never found again  
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last  
hour  
Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
Farewell :  
And when you would say something that is sad,

Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!  
[*Exeunt Buckingham and train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,  
I fear, too many curses on their heads,  
That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling<sup>1</sup>  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!  
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith<sup>2</sup> to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it;  
I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident:  
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing of a separation  
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gen.* Yes, but it held not:  
For when the king once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight  
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now: for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,  
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,

---

<sup>1</sup> A hint.

<sup>2</sup> Great fidelity.

Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her. To confirm this too,  
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;  
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis the cardinal;  
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2 *Gen.* I think, you have hit the mark: but is 't  
not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis woful.  
We are too open here to argue this;  
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*An antechamber in the palace.*

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter.*

*Cham.* 'My lord,—the horses your lordship sent  
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen,  
ridden, and furnished: they were young and hand-  
some, and of the best breed in the north. When  
they were ready to set out for London, a man of my  
lord cardinal's, by commission and main power,  
took 'em from me, with this reason;—His master  
would be served before a subject, if not before the  
king; which stopped our mouths, sir.'

I fear, he will, indeed. Well, let him have them ;  
He will have all, I think.

*Enter* DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

*Nor.* Well met, my good lord chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your graces.

*Suf.* How is the king employ'd ?

*Cham.* I left him private,  
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What 's the cause ?

*Cham.* It seems, the marriage with his brother's  
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience  
Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,  
Turns what he list. The king will know him one  
day.

*Suf.* Pray God, he do ! he 'll never know himself  
else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !  
And with what zeal ! For, now he has crack'd the  
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great  
nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :  
And, out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her,  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her, that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her,  
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis  
most true ;

These news are every where ; every tongue speaks  
them,

And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare  
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—  
The French king's sister.<sup>1</sup> Heaven will one day  
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages : all men's honors  
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Into what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the king please ; his curses and his blessings

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. the duchess of Alençon.



Touch me alike ; they are breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him : so I leave him  
To him, that made him proud, the pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;  
And, with some other business, put the king  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him.

My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

*Cham.* Excuse me ;  
The king hath sent me elsewhere : besides,  
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
Health to your lordships.

*Nor.* Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  
[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

*Norfolk opens a folding-door : THE KING is discovered  
sitting, and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much  
afflicted.

*K. Hen.* Who is there ? ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God, he be not angry.

*K. Hen.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you  
thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious king, that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty, this way,  
Is business of estate, in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*K. Hen.* You are too bold :

Go to : I'll make ye know your times of business.  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my  
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. You're welcome,  
*[to Campeius.]*

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;  
Use us and it. My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker. *[to Wolsey.]*

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*K. Hen.* We are busy; go.

*[to Norfolk and Suffolk.]*

*Nor.* This priest has no pride in him?

*Suf.* Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick<sup>1</sup> though, for his  
place.

But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* If it do,

I'll venture one have at him.

*Suf.* I another.

*[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]*

*Wol.* Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. so sick as he is proud

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.  
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?  
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,  
I mean, the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,  
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent  
One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;  
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

*K. Hen.* And once more in mine arms I bid him  
welcome,  
And thank the holy conclave for their loves.  
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd  
for.

*Cam.* Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,  
You are so noble. To your highness' hand  
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,  
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*K. Hen.* Two equal men. The queen shall be  
acquainted  
Forthwith, for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know, your majesty has always loved her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that  
A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

*K. Hen.* Ay, and the best she shall have, and my favor

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;

I find him a fit fellow. *[Exit Wolsey.]*

*Re-enter WOLSEY with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* Give me your hand: much joy and favor to you.

You are the king's now.

*Gar.* But to be commanded  
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me. *[aside.]*

*K. Hen.* Come hither, Gardiner.

*[they converse apart.]*

*Cam.* My lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread  
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How? of me?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say, you envied him;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still;<sup>1</sup> which so grieved  
him,

---

<sup>1</sup> Employed him in foreign embassies.

That he ran mad, and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That's christian care enough : for living murmurers,  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,  
If I command him, follows my appointment ;  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother ;  
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

*K. Hen.* Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars ;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :—  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow ? But, conscience, con-  
science !—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Excunt.*]

SCENE III.

*An antechamber in the Queen's apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BULLEN and an OLD LADY.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither :—Here's the pang  
that pinches :

His highness having lived so long with her ; and she  
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonor of her ;—by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing. O, now, after  
So many courses of the sun enthroned,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which  
To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first to acquire ;—after this process,  
To give her the avaunt !<sup>1</sup> it is a pity,  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better,  
She ne'er had known pomp : though it be temporal,  
Yet, if that quarrel,<sup>2</sup> Fortune, do divorce  
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.* Alas, poor lady !  
She's a stranger now again.<sup>3</sup>

*Anne.* So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.* Our content  
Is our best having.<sup>4</sup>

*Anne.* By my troth and maidenhead,  
I would not be a queen.

*Old L.* Beshrew me, I would,  
And venture maidenhead for't ; and so would you,

---

<sup>1</sup> To pronounce against her a sentence of ejection.

<sup>2</sup> Quarreller.

<sup>3</sup> Again an alien ; no longer an Englishwoman.

<sup>4</sup> Possession.

For all this spice of your hypocrisy.  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart, which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;  
Which, to say sooth,<sup>1</sup> are blessings; and which  
                    gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril<sup>2</sup> conscience would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth,——

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth.—You would not be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me.

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little.<sup>3</sup>

I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to : if your back  
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak  
Ever to get a boy.

*Anne.* How you do talk !

**I swear again, I would not be a queen**

<sup>1</sup> Truth.

**2 Kid-skin.**

<sup>3</sup> Let us descend yet lower, and more on a level with your own quality.

For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You 'd venture an emballing : I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes  
here ?

*Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth  
to know

The secret of your conference ?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand ; it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women : there is hope,  
All will be well.

*Anne.* Now I pray God, amen !

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly  
blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honor to you no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title,  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers



Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and  
wishes

Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.*

*Lady,*

I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit<sup>1</sup>  
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well:

*[aside.]*

Beauty and honor in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the king: and who knows  
yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,  
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,  
And say, I spoke with you.

*Anne.*

My honor'd lord.

*[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]*

*Old L.* Why, this it is; see, see!  
I have been begging sixteen years in court,  
(Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,  
For any suit of pounds; and you, (O fate!)  
A very fresh-fish here, (fie, fie upon  
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up  
Before you open it.

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.

---

<sup>1</sup> Opinion.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no. There was a lady once, ('tis an old story) That would not be a queen, that would she not, For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.* With your theme, I could O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke! A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect; No other obligation. By my life, That promises more thousands: Honor's train Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time, I know your back will bear a duchess;—say, Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.* Good lady, Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy, And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being, If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver What here you have heard, to her.

*Old L.* What do you think me?  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet,<sup>1</sup> and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in*

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<sup>1</sup> Florish on instruments.

*the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars;<sup>1</sup> after them, side by side, the two Cardinals WOLSEY and CAMPRIUS; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the KING and QUEEN, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*K. Hen.* What's the need?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides the authority allow'd:  
You may then spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so: proceed.

---

<sup>1</sup> Ensigns of dignity carried before cardinals.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry, king of England, &c.

*K. Hen.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into court.

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, &c.

*[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.]*

*Q. Kath.* Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice ;

And to bestow your pity on me ; for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,  
Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I have been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable ;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike ;  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour,  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Or which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,

That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice  
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind,  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been bless'd  
With many children by you. If, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person;—in God's name,  
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The king, your father, was reputed for  
A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,  
My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many  
A year before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I  
humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel  
I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

*Vol.* You have here, lady,  
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled

To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,<sup>1</sup>  
That longer you desire the court,<sup>2</sup> as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the king.

*Cam.* His grace

Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

*Q. Kath.* Lord cardinal !——

To you I speak.

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam ?

*Q. Kath.* Sir,

I am about to weep ; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, or long have dream'd so ; certain,  
The daughter of a king ; my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Q. Kath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay,  
before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,  
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,—  
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore, I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

---

<sup>1</sup> Useless.

<sup>2</sup> That you desire to protract the business of the court.

Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess,  
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me  
wrong:

I have no spleen against you, nor injustice  
For you or any. How far I have proceeded,  
Or how far farther shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the consistory,  
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge  
me,

That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.  
The king is present: if it be known to him  
That I gainsay<sup>1</sup> my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. But if he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows,  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the cure is to  
Remove these thoughts from you; the which before  
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Q. Kath.*

My lord, my lord,

---

<sup>1</sup> Deny.

I am a simple woman, much too weak  
To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd ;

You sign <sup>1</sup> your place and calling, in full seeming,  
With meekness and humility; but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,  
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will,<sup>2</sup> as 't please  
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honor than  
Your high profession spiritual; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

*[she courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.]*

*Cam.* The queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by it: 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*K. Hen.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Katharine, queen of England, come into  
the court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

---

<sup>1</sup> Show.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. Having now obtained absolute power, you use words  
to suit your own purposes.



*Q. Kath.* What need you note it? pray you,  
keep your way:  
When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help,  
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:  
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more,  
Upon this business, my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

*[Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.]*

*K. Hen.* Go thy ways, Kate:  
That man i' the world, who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,  
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,  
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts,  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)  
The queen of earthly queens. She is noble born;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require your highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloosed; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied) whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your highness; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't; or ever  
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, that might

Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person ?

*K. Hen.* My lord cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honor,  
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
The queen is put in anger. You are excused :  
But will you be more justified ? You ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
Desired it to be stirr'd : but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made <sup>1</sup> toward it ;—on my honor,  
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,  
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me  
to 't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention ;—  
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give  
heed to 't :—

My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this busi-  
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he  
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite ;

---

<sup>1</sup> Closed or fastened.

Wherein he might the king his lord advertise  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast; which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought,  
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had  
Commanded Nature, that my lady's womb,  
If it conceived a male child by me, should  
Do no more offices of life to 't than  
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue  
Or died where they were made, or shortly after  
This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,  
This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not  
Be gladdened in 't by me: then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling<sup>1</sup> in  
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience, which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,  
By all the reverend fathers of the land;

---

<sup>1</sup> Floating without guidance.

And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private  
With you, my lord of Lincoln : you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first moved you.

*Lin.* Very well, my liege.

*K. Hen.* I have spoke long ; be pleased yourself  
to say

How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.* So please your highness,  
The question did at first so stagger me,  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,  
And consequence of dread,—that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,  
And did entreat your highness to this course,  
Which you are running here.

*K. Hen.* I then moved you,  
My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave  
To make this present summons : unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court ;  
But by particular consent proceeded,  
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on ;  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Katharine, our queen, before the primest creature  
That 's paragon'd <sup>1</sup> o' the world.

---

<sup>1</sup> Beyond compare.

*Cam.* So please your highness,  
The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till farther day :  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his holiness. [*they rise to depart.*

*K. Hen.* I may perceive, [*aside.*  
These cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return : with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along. Break up the court :  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

## A C T I I I.

## SCENE I.

*Palace at Bridewell.*

*A room in the Queen's apartment.*

THE QUEEN and some of her WOMEN at work.

*Q. Kath.* Take thy lute, wench : my soul grows  
sad with troubles ;  
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst : leave  
working.

## SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing :

To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung, as sun and showers  
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
In sweet music is such art ;  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

*Enter GENTLEMAN.*

*Q. Kath.* How now ?

*Gen.* An't please your grace, the two great  
cardinals

Wait in the presence.<sup>1</sup>

*Q. Kath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gen.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Q. Kath.* Pray their graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gen.*] What can be their  
business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.  
They should be good men ; their affairs as righteous :  
But all hoods make not monks.

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your highness !

*Q. Kath.* Your graces find me here part of a  
housewife ;

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. in the presence-chamber.

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

*Wol.* May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Q. Kath.*

Speak it here :

There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner. Would, all other women  
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy  
Above a number) if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,  
Envy and base opinion set against them,  
I know my life so even : if your business  
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,<sup>1</sup>  
Out with it boldly : Truth loves open dealing.

*Wol.* *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina  
serenissima,——*

*Q. Kath.* O, good my lord, no Latin ;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have lived in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,  
suspicious.

Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank  
you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :  
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,

---

<sup>1</sup> ' i. e. how I have behaved as a wife.'—Johnson.

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,  
May be absolved in English.

*Wol.* Noble lady,  
I am sorry, my integrity should breed  
(And service to his majesty and you)  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
You have too much, good lady : but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the king and you ; and to deliver,  
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honor'd madam,  
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace ;  
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Q. Kath.* To betray me. [*aside.*  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills ;  
Ye speak like honest men ; (pray God, ye prove so !)  
But how to make you suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honor,  
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men or such business.



For her sake that I have been, (for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness) good your graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.  
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the king's love with  
these fears :

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Q. Kath.* In England,  
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel,  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,  
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest)  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,  
They that must weigh out<sup>1</sup> my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would, your grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Q. Kath.* How, sir?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the king's protection ;  
He 's loving, and most gracious : 'twill be much  
Both for your honor better and your cause ;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,  
You 'll part away disgraced.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Q. Kath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my  
ruin.

---

<sup>1</sup> Outweigh.



Peters del.

Starling sc.

**KING HENRY 8.**

*Queen. Willey. Carpaus &c.*

*Act II. Scene 1*



Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Q. Kath.* The more shame for ye; holy men I  
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:  
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your com-  
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries;  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction:  
You turn the good we offer into envy.

*Q. Kath.* Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon  
ye,

And all such false professors! Would ye have me  
(If you have any justice, any pity;  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits)  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?  
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;  
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Q. Kath.* Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one?  
A woman (I dare say, without vain glory)  
Never yet branded with suspicion?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd him?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?<sup>1</sup>  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?  
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honor—a great patience.

*Wol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Q. Kath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title  
Your master wed me to: nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.* Pray, hear me.

*Q. Kath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!  
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.

---

<sup>1</sup> Served him with superstitious attention.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?

I am the most unhappy woman living.—

Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*to her Women.*]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,

No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,

Almost no grave allow'd me. Like the lily,

That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,

I'll hang my head, and perish.

*Wol.*

If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,

You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good  
lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,

The way of our profession is against it:

We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.

For goodness' sake, consider what you do;

How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly

Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.

I know, you have a gentle, noble temper;

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and ser-  
vants.

*Cam.* Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your  
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts

Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves  
you ;

Beware, you lose it not : for us, if you please  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Q. Kath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray,  
forgive me,

If I have used <sup>1</sup> myself unmannerly.

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his majesty :

He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers

While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

*Antechamber to the King's apartment.*

*Enter* DUKE OF NORFOLK, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF  
SURREY, *and* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force <sup>2</sup> them with a constancy, the cardinal  
Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,

---

<sup>1</sup> Behaved.

<sup>2</sup> Enforce, urge.

But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion, that may give me  
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncontemn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected? When did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person,  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures.  
What he deserves of you and me, I know;  
What we can do to him, (though now the time  
Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to the king, never attempt  
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the king in his tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not;  
His spell in that is out: the king hath found  
Matter against him, that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true.  
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded, wherein he appears,  
As I could wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came



His practices to light ?

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how ?

*Suf.* The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,  
And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was  
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if  
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,  
My king is tangled in affection to  
A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.'

*Sur.* Has the king this ?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work ?

*Cham.* The king in this perceives him, how he  
coasts

And hedges his own way : but in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death : the king already  
Hath married the fair lady.

*Sur.* Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now all my joy

Trace<sup>1</sup> the conjunction !

*Suf.* My Amen to 't !

*Nor.* All men's.

*Suf.* There 's order given for her coronation.

---

<sup>1</sup> Follow.

Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorised.<sup>1</sup>

*Sur.* But, will the king  
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, Amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
There be more wasps that buz about his nose,  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The king cried Ha ! at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry Ha, louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord.  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd, in his opinions, which  
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation : Katharine no more

---

<sup>1</sup> Made memorable.

Shall be call'd queen ; but princess dowager,  
And widow to prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the king's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him,  
For it, an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The cardinal !

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell ;—gave it you the  
king ?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in his bed-chamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance : you, he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad ?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. [*Exit Cromwell.*]  
It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,  
The French king's sister ;—he shall marry her.  
Anne Bullen ! No, I'll no Anne Bullens for him :  
There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen !  
No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke!

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the king  
Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,  
Lord, for thy justice!

*Wol.* The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's daughter,  
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—  
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;  
Then out it goes.—What though I know her  
virtuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for  
A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to  
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of  
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up  
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one  
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,  
And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He is vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would, 'twere something that would fret  
the string,  
The master-cord of his heart!

*Enter the KING, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.*

*Suf.* The king, the king!

*K. Hen.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated  
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour

Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of  
thrift,

Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords,  
Saw you the cardinal?

*Nor.* My lord, we have  
Stood here observing him. Some strange commo-  
tion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,  
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts  
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures  
We have seen him set himself.

*K. Hen.* It may well be;  
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning  
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,  
As I required; and, wot<sup>1</sup> you, what I found  
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing;—  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which  
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks  
Possession of a subject.

*Nor.* It's Heaven's will:  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,  
To bless your eye withal.

*K. Hen.* If we did think

---

<sup>1</sup> Know.

His contemplation were above the earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still  
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,  
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth  
His serious considering.

*[he takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.]*

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me!—

Ever God bless your highness!

*K. Hen.* Good my lord,

You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory

Of your best graces in your mind, the which  
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,  
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the state; and Nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,  
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,  
Must give my tendance to.

*K. Hen.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis well said again;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:

And yet words are no deeds. My father loved  
you ;

He said he did, and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But pared my present havings to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* What should this mean ?

*Sur.* The Lord increase this business ! *[aside.*

*K. Hen.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite, which went  
Beyond all man's endeavors : my endeavors  
Have ever come too short of my desires,  
Yet filed<sup>1</sup> with my abilities : mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To the good of your most sacred person, and  
The profit of the state. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,  
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,  
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,

---

<sup>1</sup> Yet have gone an equal pace.

Till death, that winter, kill it.

*K. Hen.*

Fairly answer'd;

A loyal and obedient subject is

Therein illustrated: the honor of it

Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,

The foulness is the punishment. I presume,

That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,

My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor,  
more

On you than any, so your hand, and heart,

Your brain, and every function of your power,

Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,

As 'twere in love's particular, be more

To me, your friend, than any.

*Wol.*

I do profess,

That for your highness' good I ever labor'd

More than mine own; that am, have, and will be.

Though all the world should crack their duty to  
you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did

Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and

Appear in forms more horrid;—yet my duty,

As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

Should the approach of this wild river break,

And stand unshaken yours.

*K. Hen.*

'Tis nobly spoken:

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,

For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,

[*giving him papers.*]

And, after, this; and then to breakfast with



What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey :  
the Nobles throng after him, smiling and  
whispering.]*

*Wol.*

What should this mean ?

What sudden anger's this ? how have I reap'd it ?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;

I fear the story of his anger. 'Tis so ;

This paper has undone me :—'tis the account

Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the popedom,

And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?

No new device to beat this from his brains ?

I know, 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,

Will bring me off again. What's this ?—'To the  
pope ?'

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell !

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation in the evening,

And no man see me more.





Westall del.

Starling sc.

**KING HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>.**  
*Wolsey, Norfolk, Suffolk &c.*  
*Act III. Scene II.*

*Re-enter* DUKES OF NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, *and* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

*Nor.* Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you

To render up the great seal presently  
Into our hands, and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house,<sup>1</sup> my lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear farther from his highness.

*Wol.* Stay;

Where's your commission, lords? Words cannot  
carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross them,  
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to do it,  
(I mean, your malice) know, officious lords,  
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel  
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.  
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,  
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton  
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!  
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;  
You have christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,  
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the king  
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave  
me:

---

<sup>1</sup> At Esher, in Surrey.

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,  
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The king, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself then.

*Sur.* Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law.  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,  
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;  
Far from his succor, from the king, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest  
him ;

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,  
Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer, is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,  
You have as little honesty as honor ;  
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the king, my ever-royal master,

Dare mate<sup>1</sup> a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.*

By my soul,

Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst  
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance,  
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,  
'To be thus jaded<sup>2</sup> by a piece of scarlet,<sup>3</sup>  
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

*Wol.*

All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.*

Yes, that goodness

Of gleanings all the land's wealth into one;  
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to the pope against the king: your good-  
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.  
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen;—  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. I'll startle you

---

<sup>1</sup> Oppose.

<sup>2</sup> Ridden down.

<sup>3</sup> In allusion to the scarlet hat worn by cardinals.

Worse than the sacring bell,<sup>1</sup> when the brown  
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this  
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the king's  
hand;

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer  
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,  
When the king knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you.  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir;  
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I'd rather want those than my head. Have  
at you.  
First, that, without the king's assent or knowlege,  
You wrought to be a legate; by which power  
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

*Nor.* Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et rex meus*

---

<sup>1</sup> The little bell, which is rung to give notice of the approach  
of the Host, when it is carried in procession.

Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the king  
To be your servant.

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowlege  
Either of king or council, when you went  
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,  
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caused  
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

*Sur.* Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,  
(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities, to the mere<sup>1</sup> undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ; 'tis virtue :  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—

---

<sup>1</sup> Absolute.



Because all those things, you have done of late  
By your power legatine within this kingdom,  
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,<sup>1</sup>—  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,  
About the giving back the great seal to us,  
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank  
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

*[Exeunt all but Wolsey.]*

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him :  
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;  
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy

---

<sup>1</sup> A writ incurring a penalty.

Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have :  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,  
A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,  
I am fallen indeed.

*Crom.* How does your grace ?

*Wol.*

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.  
I know myself now ; and I feel within me  
A peace above all earthly dignities,  
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured  
me,  
I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,  
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honor.  
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,  
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

*Crom.* I am glad your grace has made that right  
use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,  
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,  
To endure more miseries, and greater far,  
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.  
What news abroad ?

*Crom.* The heaviest and the worst  
Is your displeasure with the king.

*Wol.* God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that sir Thomas More is  
chosen

Lord chancellor in your place.

*Wol.* That's somewhat sudden :  
But he's a learned man. May he continue  
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice  
For truth's sake, and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !<sup>1</sup>  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome ;  
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the lady Anne,  
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down.  
O Cromwell,

---

<sup>1</sup> The chancellor is the general guardian of orphans.

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever.  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;  
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I have told him  
What, and how true thou art : he will advance  
thee ;

Some little memory of me will stir him,  
(I know his noble nature) not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not ; make use<sup>1</sup> now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego  
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Crom-  
well ;  
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

---

<sup>1</sup> Interest.

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;  
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;  
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;  
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?  
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate  
thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty:  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not:  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O  
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;  
And, pr'ythee, lead me in:  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, he would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell  
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

*A street in Westminster.*

*Enter TWO GENTLEMEN, meeting.*

1 *Gen.* You are well met once again.

2 *Gen.* So are you.

1 *Gen.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,

The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow,

This general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens,

I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;

As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward

In celebration of this day with shows,

Pageants, and sights of honor.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,

Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,—

That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list

Of those, that claim their offices this day,

By custom of the coronation.

The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,  
He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those  
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was often cited by them, but appear'd not;  
And, to be short, for not appearance, and  
The king's late scruple, by the main assent  
Of all these learned men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage made of none effect;  
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.*

Alas, good lady!

[*trumpets.*

The trumpets sound: stand close; the queen is  
coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter*

1. *Two Judges.*

2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before  
him.*

3. Choristers singing. [music.]
4. Mayor of London bearing the mace : then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold : with him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high steward : with him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports ; under it, the Queen in her robe ; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned ; on each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 *Gen.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know.

**Who's that, that bears the sceptre?**

1 Gen. Marquis Dorset ;  
And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That should  
be



The duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the same ; high-steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk ?

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven bless thee !

*[looking on the Queen.]*

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel :

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady.

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gen. They, that bear

The cloth of honor over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy ; and so are all, are  
near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,

Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars,  
indeed ;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

*[Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.]*

*Enter THIRD GENTLEMAN.*

God save you, sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i' the abbey, where  
a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony'?

3 *Gen.* That I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream  
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen  
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her, while her grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man; which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,  
(Doublets, I think) flew up; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,  
That had not half a week to go, like rams  
In the old time of war, would shake the press,  
And make them reel before them. No man living  
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were  
woven

So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what follow'd?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest  
paces  
Came to the altar, where she kneel'd, and, saint-  
like,

Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly :  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people ;  
When by the archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her ; which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,  
And with the same full state paced back again  
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. Sir, you  
Must no more call it York-place ; that is past ;  
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost :  
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 Gen. I know it :  
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name  
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops  
Were those, that went on each side of the queen ?

3 Gen. Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one, of Win-  
chester,  
Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary ;  
The other, London.

2 Gen. He of Winchester  
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,  
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 Gen. All the land knows that.  
However, yet there's no great breach ; when it  
comes,  
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;

A man in much esteem with the king, and truly  
A worthy friend. The king  
Has made him master o' the jewel-house,  
And one already of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick, led between*  
*GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.*

*Grif.* How does your grace?

*Kath.* O, Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair;—  
So, now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledst me,  
That the great child of honor, cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :

If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,<sup>1</sup>  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For after the stout earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;

Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honorably received him ;  
To whom he gave these words ;—‘ O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye :  
‘ Give him a little earth for charity ! ’  
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still ; and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last) full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honors to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his fault, lie gently on him !

---

<sup>1</sup> i. e. haply, perchance.



Westall del.

**KING HENRY 3<sup>rd</sup>.**  
*Wolsey, Northumberland, Abbot &c.*  
*Act IV. Scene II.*

Starling sc.



Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>1</sup> ever ranking  
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion  
Tied all the kingdom:<sup>2</sup> simony was fair play;  
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence<sup>3</sup>  
He would say untruths, and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning: he was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honor. From his cradle,  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one:  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:

---

<sup>1</sup> Pride.

<sup>2</sup> One, who, by his suggestions to the king and pope, circumscribed the liberties and properties of all persons in the kingdom.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. of the king.



Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,  
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer :  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,  
Which was a sin ;—yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely : ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,  
Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with  
him,

Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honors to his age  
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God

*Kath.* After my death I wish no other herald  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honor from corruption,  
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honor : peace be with him !  
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :  
I have not long to trouble thee.— Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

**KING HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>**  
*Katharine, Griffith & Patience.*  
 Act IV. Scene II.



*Sad and solemn music.*

*Grif.* She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down  
quiet,

For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

*[The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies; then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.]*

*Kath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all  
gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we are here.

*Kath.* It is not you I call for.

Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.*

None, madam.

*Kath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

*Kath.* Bid the music leave;  
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*music ceases.*

*Pa.* Do you note,  
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn! How pale she looks,  
And of an earthy cold! Mark you her eyes?

*Grif.* She is going, wench: pray, pray.

*Pa.* Heaven comfort her!

*Enter MESSENGER.*

*Mes.* An't like your grace,——

*Kath.* You are a saucy fellow:  
Deserve we no more reverence?

*Grif.* You are to blame,  
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behavior: go to; kneel.

*Mes.* I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;  
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying  
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

*Kath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith; but this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

*[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.]*

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same, your servant.

*Kath.* O my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me : but, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me ?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,  
The king's request that I would visit you ;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Kath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too  
late ;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;  
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.  
How does his highness ?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Kath.* So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away ?

*Pa.* No, madam.

*[giving it to Katharine.]*

*Kath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the king.

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Kath.* In which I have commended to his goodness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :<sup>1</sup>—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding ;  
(She is young, and of a noble, modest nature ;  
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have  
them.

The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something over to remember me by :  
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life

---

<sup>1</sup> Afterwards Queen Mary I.

And able means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,  
By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By heaven, I will ;  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Kath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his highness :  
Say, his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world : tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,  
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed :  
Call in more women. When I am dead, good  
wench,

Let me be used with honor ; strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
Then lay me forth : although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading Katharine.



## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

*A gallery in the palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, bishop of Winchester, PAGE with a torch before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL.*

*Gar.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

*Boy.* It hath struck.

*Gar.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. Good hour of night, sir  
Thomas!

Whither so late?

*Lov.* Came you from the king, my lord?

*Gar.* I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primero<sup>1</sup>  
With the duke of Suffolk.

*Lov.* I must to him too  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

*Gar.* Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's the  
matter?

It seems, you are in haste; an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that  
walk

---

<sup>1</sup> A fashionable game at cards in our author's time.

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you ;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in  
labor,

They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd,  
She'll with the labor end.

*Gar.* The fruit, she goes with,  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks, I could  
Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gar.* But, sir, sir.—  
Hear me, sir Thomas. You are a gentleman  
Of mine own way : I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—  
'Twill not, sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me,  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Crom-  
well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master  
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary ; farther,  
sir,

Stands in the gap and trade <sup>1</sup> of more preferments,  
With which the time will load him. The arch-  
bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak  
One syllable against him ?

*Gar.* Yes, yes, sir Thomas,  
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured  
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,  
Sir, (I may tell it you) I think, I have  
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is  
(For so I know he is, they know he is)  
A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
That does infect the land : with which they moved,  
Have broken with <sup>2</sup> the king, who hath so far  
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace  
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,  
To-morrow morning to the council-board  
He be convented.<sup>3</sup> He 's a rank weed, sir Thomas,  
And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord : I rest your  
servant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*As Lovell is going out, enter the KING and DUKE OF  
SUFFOLK.*

*K. Hen.* Charles, I will play no more to-night :

---

<sup>1</sup> General course.    <sup>2</sup> Told their minds to.    <sup>3</sup> Summoned.

My mind's not on 't; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*K. Hen.* But little, Charles;

Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—

Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message, who return'd her thanks  
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your  
highness

Most heartily to pray for her.

*K. Hen.* What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

*Lov.* So said her woman; and that her sufferance  
made

Almost each pang a death.

*K. Hen.* Alas, good lady!

*Suf.* God safely quit her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your highness with an heir!

*K. Hen.* 'Tis midnight, Charles:  
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember  
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;  
For I must think of that, which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your highness  
A quiet night, and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*K. Hen.* Charles, good night.

[*Exit Suffolk.*]

*Enter* SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*K. Hen.* Ha! Canterbury?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis true. Where is he, Denny?

*Den.* He attends your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Bring him to us.

*[Exit Denny.]*

*Lov.* This is about that which the bishop spake:  
I am happily come hither. *[aside.]*

*Re-enter* DENNY, with CRANMER.

*K. Hen.* Avoid the gallery.

*[Lovell seems to stay.]*

Ha!—I have said.—Be gone.

What! *[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.]*

*Cran.* I am fearful: wherefore frowns he thus?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*K. Hen.* How now, my lord? You do desire to  
know

Wherefore I sent for you.

*Cran.* It is my duty

'To attend your highness' pleasure.

*K. Hen.* Pray you, arise,

My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.

Come, you and I must walk a turn together;

I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your  
hand.



Westall del.

Starling sc.

**KING HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>**

*King & Grammar.*

*Act V. Scene I.*



Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows :  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being con-  
sider'd,

Have moved us and our council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till farther trial, in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower. You, a brother of  
us,<sup>1</sup>

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* I humbly thank your highness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder ; for, I know,  
There 's none stands under more calumnious tongues,  
Than I myself, poor man.

*K. Hen.* Stand up, good Canterbury ;  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand ; stand up :  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,  
What manner of man are you ? My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that

---

<sup>1</sup> One of our council.



I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you,  
Without indurance,<sup>1</sup> farther.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh<sup>2</sup> not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*K. Hen.* Know you not how  
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole  
world?

Your enemies are many, and not small; their  
practices

Must bear the same proportion; and not ever  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt  
To swear against you! Such things have been done.  
You are potently opposed, and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween<sup>3</sup> you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjured witness, than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived  
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

---

<sup>1</sup> Confinement.

<sup>2</sup> Value.

<sup>3</sup> Think.

**I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?**

Say, ay; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege;  
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven  
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl;  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger: 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*K. Hen.* Lovell,—

*Enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir.

*K. Hen.* Give her a hundred marks. I'll to the  
queen. [*Exit King.*]

*Old L.* A hundred marks! By this light, I'll  
have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Lobby before the council-chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c.*  
*attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I am not too late, and yet the  
gentleman,

That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. All fast? what means this?—

Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.*

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.*

Why?

*D. Keep.* Your grace must wait till you be call'd  
for.

*Enter DOCTOR BUTTS.*

*Cran.*

So.

*Butts.* This is a piece of malice. I am glad,  
I came this way so happily: the king  
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit Butts.*

*Cran. [aside.]*

'Tis Butts,

The king's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For  
certain,

This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,  
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice)  
To quench mine honor; they would shame to  
make me

Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures

Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*Enter, at a window above, the KING and BUTTS.*

*Butts.* I'll show your grace the strangest sight,—

SHAK.

IX.

T

*K. Hen.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* I think, your highness saw this many a day.

*K. Hen.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*K. Hen.* Ha! 'Tis he, indeed.

Is this the honor they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had  
thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them,  
(At least, good manners) as not thus to suffer  
A man of his place, and so near our favor,  
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,  
And at the door too, like a post with packets.  
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.  
Let them alone, and draw the curtain close;  
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*]

*The council-chamber.*

*Enter* LORD CHANCELLOR, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The rest seat themselves in order on each side: Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary

Why are we met in council ?

*Crom.* Please your honors,  
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

*Gar.* Has he had knowlege of it ?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there ?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords ?

*Gar.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord archbishop,  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your grace may enter now.

*[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]*

*Chan.* My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, incapable ;  
Of our flesh few are angels ; out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling  
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-  
lains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions  
Divers and dangerous, which are heresies ;  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gar.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those, that tame wild horses,  
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle ;  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur  
them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer  
(Out of our easiness and childish pity  
To one man's honor) this contagious sickness,  
Farewell, all physic! and what follows then?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbors,  
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress

Both of my life and office, I have labor'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching,  
And the strong course of my authority,  
Might go one way, and safely; and the end  
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living  
(I speak it with a single heart,<sup>1</sup> my lords)  
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,  
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.  
Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be: you are a counsellor;

---

<sup>1</sup> A heart void of duplicity.

And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gar.* My lord, because we have business of more moment,

We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you ;

You are always my good friend : if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful : I see your end ;  
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition :  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

*Gar.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary ;  
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,

To men that understand you, words and weakness.

*Crom.* My lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favor, too sharp : men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty,



To load a falling man.

*Gar.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your honor mercy : you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gar.* Do not I know you for a favorer  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gar.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest !  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gar.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do :  
Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much :  
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gar.* I have done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord ;—it stands  
agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner ;  
There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure  
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords ?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

*Gar.* What other  
Would you expect ? You are strangely trouble-  
some.

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gar.* Receive him,  
And see him safe i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;  
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

*Chan.* This is the king's ring.

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,  
The king will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Cham.* 'Tis now too certain.  
How much more is his life in value with him!  
Would I were fairly out on 't.

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil  
And his disciples only envy at)  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now have at ye.

*Enter KING, frowning on them: he takes his seat.*

*Gar.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound  
to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;  
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;  
One that, in all obedience, makes the church  
The chief aim of his honor ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*K. Hen.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,

Bishop of Winchester : but know, I come not  
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence ;  
They are too thin and base to hide offences.  
To me you cannot reach ; you play the spaniel,  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win  
me ;

But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I am sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.  
Good man, [*to Cranmer.*] sit down. Now let me  
see the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
By all that 's holy, he had better starve,  
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May it please your grace,——

*K. Hen.* No, sir, it does not please me.  
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding

And wisdom of my council, but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man, (few of you deserve that title)  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber door ? and one as great as you are ?

Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commis-  
sion

Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
Not as a groom : there 's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;  
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

*Chan.*

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace  
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather  
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
I am sure, in me.

*K. Hen.* Well, well, my lords, respect him ;  
Take him, and use him well : he 's worthy of it.  
I will say thus much for him ; if a prince  
May be beholden to a subject, I  
Am, for his love and service, so to him.  
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :  
Be friends, for shame, my lords. My lord of Can-  
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me ;  
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism :  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may  
glory  
In such an honor : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*K. Hen.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your  
spoons :<sup>1</sup> you shall have  
Two noble partners with you ; the old duchess of  
Norfolk,  
And lady marquis Dorset : will these please you ?  
Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gar.* With a true heart  
And brother-love I do it.

*Cran.* And let Heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*K. Hen.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy  
true heart.  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus :—' Do my lord of Canter-  
bury  
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'  
Come, lords, we trifle time away : I long  
To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honor gain.

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>1</sup> It was an ancient custom for sponsors at christenings to offer gilt spoons as a present to the child.

## SCENE III.

*The palace yard.*

*Noise and tumult within : Enter PORTER and his MAN.*

*Por.* You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the court for Paris-garden ?<sup>1</sup> ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.<sup>2</sup>

[*within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Por.* Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue. Is this a place to roar in ? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones ; these are but switches to them. I'll scratch your heads. You must be seeing christenings ! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient ; 'tis as much impossible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons)  
To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep  
On May-day morning ; which will never be.  
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

*Por.* How got they in, and be hang'd ?

*Man.* Alas, I know not. How gets the tide in ?  
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot  
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Por.* You did nothing, sir.

---

<sup>1</sup> The bear garden on the Bank-side.

<sup>2</sup> Roaring.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor sir Guy, nor Colbrand,<sup>1</sup> to mow them down before me; but if I spared any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

*Por.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do?

*Por.* What should you do, but knock them down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?<sup>2</sup> or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand: here will be father, godfather, and all together.

*Man.* The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small

---

<sup>1</sup> Colbrand was the Danish giant vanquished by Guy earl of Warwick.

<sup>2</sup> The train bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer<sup>1</sup> fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor<sup>2</sup> once, and hit that woman, who cried out, Clubs!<sup>3</sup> when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers draw to her succour, which were the hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff with me: I defied them still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honor in, and let them win the work. The devil was amongst them, I think, surely.

*Por.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*,<sup>4</sup> and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles,<sup>5</sup> that is to come.

*Enter* LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pinked cap.

<sup>2</sup> i. e. the brazier.

<sup>3</sup> 'Clubs!' was the outcry for assistance on any quarrel or tumult in the streets.

<sup>4</sup> Place of confinement.

<sup>5</sup> A dessert of whipping.



As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,—

These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

*Por.* An't please your honor, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done. An army cannot rule them.

*Cham.* As I live, If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines for neglect. You are lazy knaves, And here ye lie baiting of bumbards,<sup>1</sup> when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening. Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

*Por.* Make way there for the princess.

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

---

<sup>1</sup> Tippling of ale. A bumbard is a black leathern vessel to hold beer.

*Por.* You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick<sup>1</sup> you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Palace.*<sup>2</sup>

*Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, GARTER, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks:—*

*Gar. K.* Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

*Flourish. Enter KING and train.*

*Cran. [kneeling.]* And to your royal grace and the good queen

My noble partners and myself thus pray:—  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,

---

<sup>1</sup> Pitch.

<sup>2</sup> At Greenwich.

May hourly fall upon ye !

*K. Hen.* Thank you, good lord archbishop.  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*K. Hen.*

Stand up, lord.

*[the King kisses the child.]*

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !  
Into whose hands I give thy life.

*Cran.*

Amen.

*K. Hen.* My noble gossips, ye have been too  
prodigal :

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

*Cran.*

Let me speak, sir,

For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find them truth.  
This royal infant, (Heaven still move about her !)  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be  
(But few now living can behold that goodness)  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her.  
She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless  
her ;



Peters del.

**KING HENRY 8<sup>th</sup>.**  
*King, Cromwell &c.*  
*Act V. Scene IV.*

Starling sc.



Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows  
with her :

In her days, every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself ;—  
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
(When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of  
darkness)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honor,  
Shall starlike rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth,  
terror.

That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.  
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honor and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him. Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

*K. Hen.*                      Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess: many days shall see her,

SHAK.

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4

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,  
She must ; the saints must have her : yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily shall she pass  
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*K. Hen.* O lord archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before  
This happy child, did I get any thing.  
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.  
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholden :  
I have received much honor by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,  
lords :

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye ;  
She will be sick else. This day, no man think  
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday. [ *Exeunt.*



## EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say, 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry,—'That's witty !'  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we are like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ;  
For such a one we show'd them.<sup>1</sup> If they smile,  
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours : for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.

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<sup>1</sup> In the character of Katharine.

END OF VOL. IX.











